Vol. C.—No. 1300] NOVEMBER 14, 1928 [Registered as a Newspaper.

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The BYSTANDER

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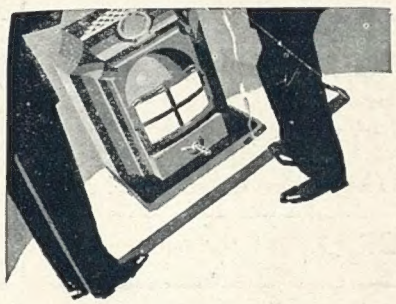

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The Bystander, November 14, 1928 No. 1300. Vol. C

The BYSTANDER

BY DOROTHY M. MORGAN

THE RED BAG

Yvonne Gregory

THE HON. PAMELA BOSCAWEN

An attractive cameo study of the sister of Lord Falmouth. Her brother, who is the eighth Viscount, is a captain in the Coldstream Guards

ON A CUBBING MORNING *Central News*

The Duke of York will be the only one of the King's sons to be seen in the hunting field to any great extent this season, and he turned out for the first time at a cubbing meet of the Pytchley, where he was photographed talking with a lady member of the field. Hounds met on the village green at Welton, Northamptonshire

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

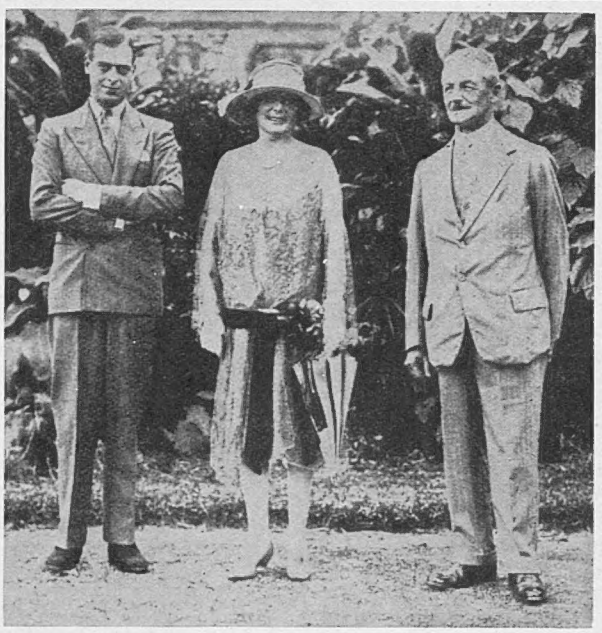
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Opening of Parliament

NOTHING is more effective than the sudden turning-up of the electric lights in the House of Lords at the moment the King and Queen enter for the opening of Parliament. It was done when King Edward opened his first Parliament. Those critical folk, who sit round in rows and rows whatever is happening, declared this sudden lighting for the entrance of the Sovereigns was "stage-craft." It was nothing of the kind. It was state-craft, because it emphasised the note of "might, majesty, dominion, and power," which had been absent from the opening of Parliament for a generation.

It is a solemn moment when the King and Queen enter, so solemn that the peers in their robes and the peeresses in low dresses and tiaras forget the discomfort of so arraying themselves on a foggy November morning. The opening of Parliament is the only occasion in the year when the Monarch wears the outward and visible symbol of his sovereignty—his crown. And even the most frivolous people are impressed by the realisation of what that symbol means.

The King is the only monarch in Europe who wears his crown at the opening of his Parliament.



IN BERMUDA *Topical*

Prince George was given a cordial welcome to Bermuda, where he went ashore when H.M.S. Durban visited the Island. He is seen here at Government House with the Governor, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Louis Bols, and Lady Bols

I.B.

THE GUARD OF HONOUR

A photograph taken during the Prince of Wales's visit to Uganda. It shows him inspecting the very smart guard of honour mounted by the King's Royal African Rifles

In the Royal Gallery

SOLEMN and regal as is the entrance of the King and Queen into the House of Lords, their procession through the Royal Gallery between the Robing Room and the House is more spectacular because, if you are lucky, and get a front place, you see every detail.

Last week some of the fog had

IN MEMORY OF THE "OLD CONTEMPTIBLES" *P. and A.*

A photograph taken at the unveiling of the Memorial at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre on the Marne in memory of the 3,888 men of the British Expeditionary Force who fell there in the first two and a half months of the Great War, and whose graves are unknown. In the foreground are seen Marshal Foch (left), Field-Marshal Sir George Milne and Lieut.-General Sir William Pulteney, who commanded the troops in 1914 and unveiled the Memorial

found its way into the gallery, but it in no way diminished the glory of the tabards of the heralds and pursuivants of the Garter Principal King of Arms. Lord Londonderry and Lord Salisbury, in their marquess's robes, carried the Cap of Maintenance and the Sword of State. Viscount Lewisham, acting as Lord Great Chamberlain for his wife, managed the walking backwards with great dexterity. His father-in-law, the late Lord Lincolnshire, was privileged to go semi-sideways—that is the only way I can describe it because of his age.

The King passes down one side of the gallery and the Queen down the other. They take hands under the archway leading into the House. The trains of both the King and the Queen's heavy robes of ermine are held by pages, but the Duchess of Devonshire, the Mistress of the Robes, goes the whole length of the gallery with one hand touching the end of the Queen's train.

I wonder if this is a survival of some ancient custom when the Mistress of the Robes actually carried the Queen's train on occasions of high State ceremony, or is it just an indication of her office?

Before the Ceremony

If not quite so spectacular it is just as interesting to be in the Royal Gallery before the King opens Parliament as it is to be in the House of Lords. Peers in their robes and peeresses blazing with jewels come and talk to their friends seated behind the wooden barriers. And until within a few minutes of the King and Queen's arrival you can see the Crown of England glittering on a wooden table placed against one of the barriers, a table so shabby that it looks as if it had borne endless teas in a boarding-house. But the Crown is lifted and carried into the Robing Room with dignity and circumstance, and from then onwards is accorded more and more dignity, for it goes back to St. James's Palace in a carriage all to itself, with an escort of Life Guards. But that shabby, stained table always strikes me as inexplicable. Why such an incongruity?

OUR ROYAL VISITORS *Central Press*

The Queen of Spain photographed with her daughter, the Infanta Beatrice, who are now staying at Kensington Palace. The Queen and the Infantas Beatrice and Marie Christina have promised to attend the White Rose Ball at the May Fair Hotel on November 19

Political Entertaining

People are oddly inconsiderate. Quite a number of folk who ought to know better have expressed surprise that Lady Londonderry did not give her usual party at Londonderry House the night before the opening of Parliament. But she has given one already this year, in February. To expect any hostess to entertain some two thousand people twice in one year is asking too much, even of a very generous hospitality.

Naturally, as this was the second opening of a new session in one year, political entertaining was on a much smaller scale. Neither of the two big parties—one for the Conservatives at Admiralty House, and the other for the Liberals at Halkyn House — was uncomfortably crowded. Mr. Baldwin gave the usual Ministerial dinner at 10, Downing Street; Lord Salisbury gave a dinner to Conservative peers; Lord Beauchamp one to Liberal peers; and—here, my gentles, is an entirely new departure—Lord Parmoor gave a dinner to peers who support the Labour Party. They were a party of eight, including the host. Mr. Lloyd George had a dinner-party at Claridge's for

Liberal M.P.s

And here's another new note in political entertaining. Before her party at Admiralty House Dame Caroline Bridgeman had a dinner for ladies only, including Mrs. Baldwin and Lady Diana Cooper; and Mrs. Neville Chamberlain also had a hen political dinner in Eaton Square.

Royal Friendships

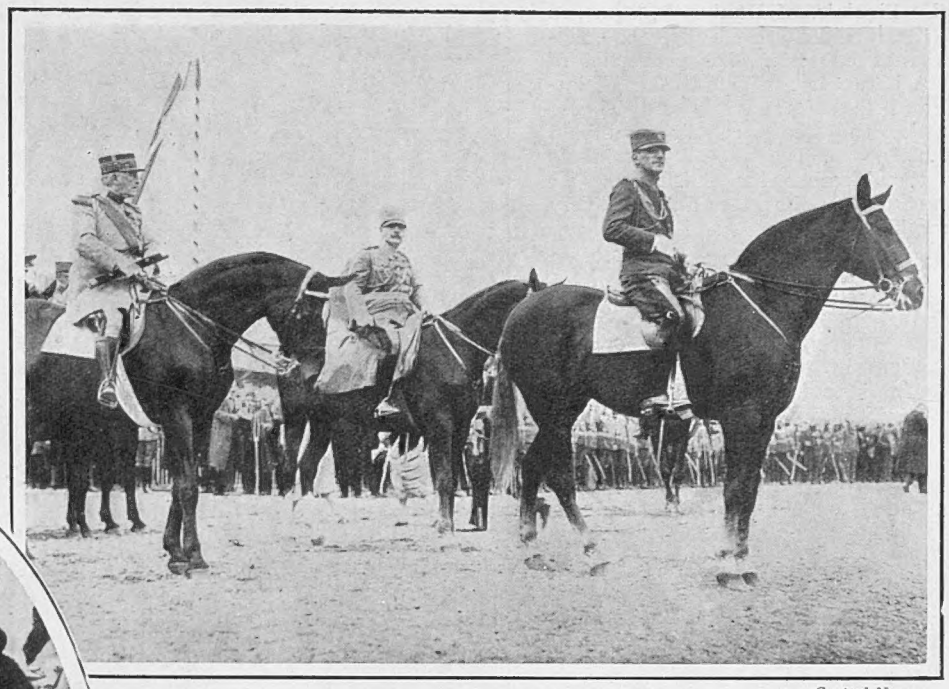
IT is some years since the King and Queen have paid a visit together to a country house. The last time, I think, was when the Queen went with the King to Goodwood. This makes their visit to Lord and Lady Iveagh at Elveden Hall, therefore, all the more important. It is another instance of the King continuing an old friendship with the father to the son. The late Lord Iveagh was the King's host for shooting for many years.

Elveden is certainly a magnificent place, but it owes much of its luxury in the way of decoration to its creator, Prince Dhuleep Singh, and not to the late Lord Iveagh. Even this luxury has been greatly exaggerated. In one description of the house I read that all the taps in the bathrooms are of silver. You would be very clever if you found even one.

Planet News

IN ITALY

The King of Italy and Signor Mussolini photographed at the inauguration of a new hospital for wounded ex-service men. This was opened at Rome in the presence of the chiefs of the Government



Central News

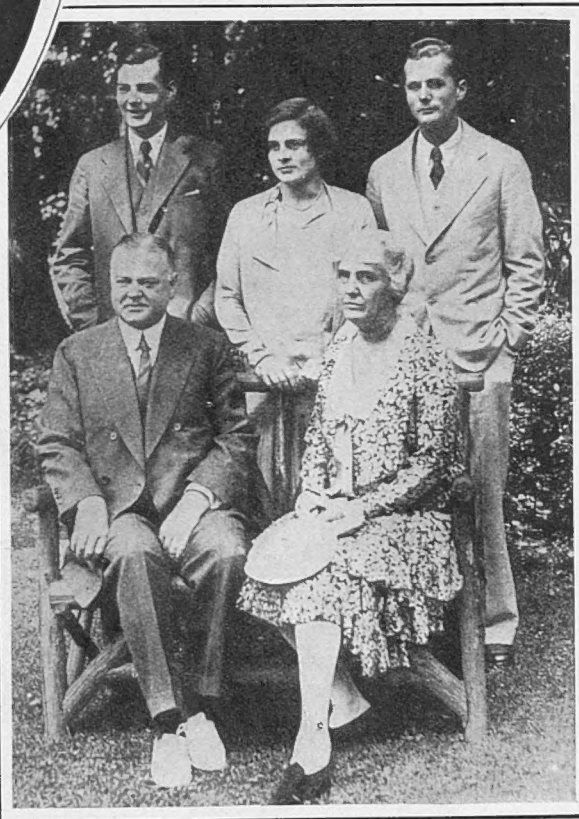
AN ANNIVERSARY

King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia photographed at the review at Belgrade of his Army. This was to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the victory of the Serbian Army at Salonika. The British Army was represented by Lt.-Gen. Sir Charles Briggs

I read also that the suite of rooms for the King and Queen had been most lavishly redecorated. This also is incorrect.

It was necessary to redecorate the Royal Suite because nothing had been done to it for years, but this was carried out in the simplest manner, the colours chosen for the King and Queen's rooms being Their Majesties' favourites.

The house-party bidden to meet the King and Queen was likewise indicative of the Royal friendship being continued from one generation to the other. Lord Hartington and Lord Hamilton are the sons of two of the King's friends, the Duke of Devonshire and the Duke of Abercorn. Mrs. Arthur James and Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild were friends of King Edward.



Topical

THE NEW PRESIDENT

Mr. Herbert Hoover, who succeeds Mr. Coolidge as President of the United States of America, photographed *en famille*. The photograph shows, standing, Mr. Allan Hoover, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hoover, Jun., and, in front, Mr. and Mrs Hoover

A Son and Heir

THERE has been great rejoicing at Barrock, in Caithness, over the birth of a son and heir to Sir Ronald Sinclair of Dunbeath, who succeeded his uncle, the late Sir John Sinclair, one of the most popular figures in the North of Scotland, two years ago.

There are two Sinclair baronetcies, that of Dunbeath and that of Ulbster, the second being some eighty years junior to the first. They were originally conferred upon members of the same family, but owing to some estrangement their descendants were not on "terms" for many years. This situation, however, was swept away by the marriage of the sister of the late Sir

John Sinclair, of Dunbeath, to a son of the late Sir John Tollemache Sinclair, of Ulbster. The properties of both baronets are in Caithness, Barrock being near Wick and Thurso Castle, the home of Sir Archibald Sinclair, at Thurso. Sir Archibald is the Member for Caithness. Sir Ronald is on the stage and is a very promising actor.

A Really "Interesting" Engagement

FEW engagements have created more interest than that of Miss Poppy Baring, who ever since she came out has been one of the most popular girls in Society. For many years her parents, Sir Godfrey and Lady Baring, lived at Nubia House, at Cowes, which they made a centre of delightful hospitality during Cowes Week.

Photopress

A BARONET'S ENGAGEMENT

Sir John Milbanke, the well-known athlete, photographed with his fiancée, Lady Loughborough. Sir John Milbanke is known as the "Boxing Baronet"

Sir Godfrey, who is a very keen yachtsman, has always been closely identified with the Isle of Wight. At one time he was its Member, and is chairman of its County Council. Lady Baring, who is deeply interested in the Island charities, was a daughter of Margaret Countess of Verulam by her first marriage.

I see in the official announcement that Miss Baring's name is given as Poppy, but this is a pet name. Her real name is Azaleæ.

BACK FROM CANADA *Q.P.*

Sir Stephen and Lady Lennard photographed in the garden of Wickham Court shortly after their arrival from Canada. Sir Stephen Lennard has been in Canada for five years and this is the first time that his bride, formerly Miss Mary Latimer, of Vancouver, has seen England

The Berkeley Vale Hunt

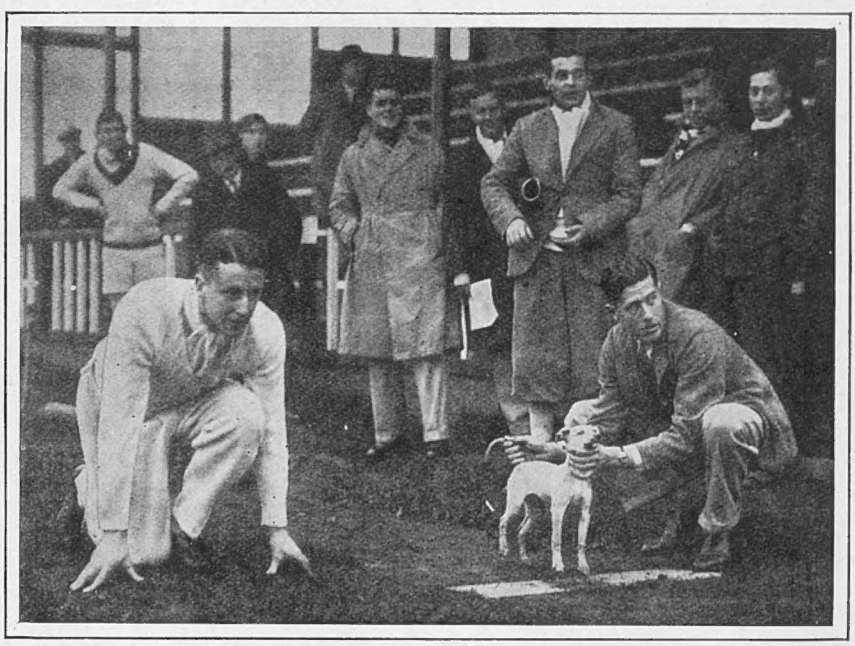
ALTHOUGH the Earl of Berkeley has resigned the Mastership of the Berkeley Vale Hunt, its headquarters will still be at Berkeley Castle, the picturesque old castle in Gloucestershire, where you are still shown the room in which Edward II was murdered

Lord Berkeley succeeded his father forty years ago, but was only adjudged to be the eighth earl by the Committee for Privileges of the House of Lords three years later. The second Baron Fitz-Hardinge, a peerage now extinct, claimed the title on the ground of some irregularity in the marrieg of the fifth earl, but he lost his case.

Central News

AT SCOTLAND YARD

A recent photograph of Viscount Byng, the new Commissioner of Police. He is seen here at Scotland Yard



L.N.A.

A NOVEL RACE

Mr. D. M. Wilson, the President of the Cambridge University Athletic Club, photographed before the start of his race against a whippet. The whippet was the winner

WEDDINGS OF THE SERVICE AND THE STAGE

Topical

AT WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL

Mr. Tristram Hugh Harrington Grayson, Irish Guards, the fourth son of Sir Henry Grayson, leaving Westminster Cathedral with his bride, formerly Miss Barbara Finucane. Mrs. Grayson is the youngest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Morgan Finucane

Central News

A GUARDS WEDDING

Mr. W. D. Campbell Greenacre, M.V.O., Welsh Guards, and his bride, formerly Miss Gwendolen Fisher-Rowe, elder daughter of the late Lt.-Col. L. R. Fisher-Rowe, Grenadier Guards, and Mrs. Fisher-Rowe, leaving the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, after their wedding. Mr. Greenacre is an Extra Equerry to the Prince of Wales

Central News

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Captain P. R. Antrobus, M.C., Royal Engineers, and Miss Esterel Pelly, elder daughter of Admiral Sir Henry Pelly and Lady Pelly, leaving St. Peter's, Eaton Square, after their wedding. Captain Antrobus is the younger son of Sir Reginald and Dame Edith Antrobus

The new Master of the Berkeley Vale will be Colonel Turner, of Tockington Court, Gloucestershire.

For Charity

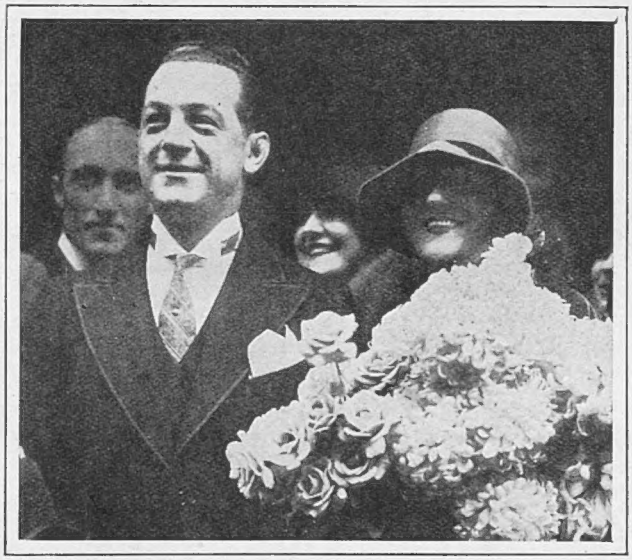
Almost interesting lecture on "The Eighteenth-Century Theatre" was given last Friday afternoon at 20, Carlton House Terrace, by Sir Nigel Playfair. It was the first of three to be given in aid of the Duchess of York's Centre for Mothers and Babies, Islington, in which the Duchess is deeply interested. The second will be on November 14 at the Garden Club, on "Gardens in Mediæval, Tudor, and Stuart Times," by Miss Eleanour Rohde, and the third will be on November 20 at Sir Philip Sassoon's house, 25, Park Lane. Sir Owen Seamen will lecture on "Parody." The tickets are 10*s.* each or three for £1, and may be had from Lady Chalmers, 9, Carlyle Mansions, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3.

Then Lady Birkenhead asks me to tell you that she and Miss Olga Lynn have arranged to produce a new edition of the Pageant of Hyde Park, which was such a success last May, at a *matinée* at Wyndham's Theatre on December 6, in aid of the General Lying-in Hospital Extension Fund. In addition to the Pageant a large number of the street cries of old London will be given with their original settings, music and costumes. Tickets, which are from 1*s.* 3*d.* to £10 10*s.*, can be obtained from the Countess of Birkenhead at the General Lying-in Hospital, York Road, Lambeth, S.E. This is the hospital's first public appeal for funds since 1765.

Next Week's Ball

The White Rose Ball, in aid of the Queen's Hospital for Children, will be one of the most brilliant functions of the season. It is to be held at the May Fair Hotel on Monday next, November 19, and creates a record of speed with which a charity function can be successfully organised, for it was only decided upon at a meeting of Princess Beatrice's Ladies' Association held at Kensington Palace on October 25, at which the Princess presided.

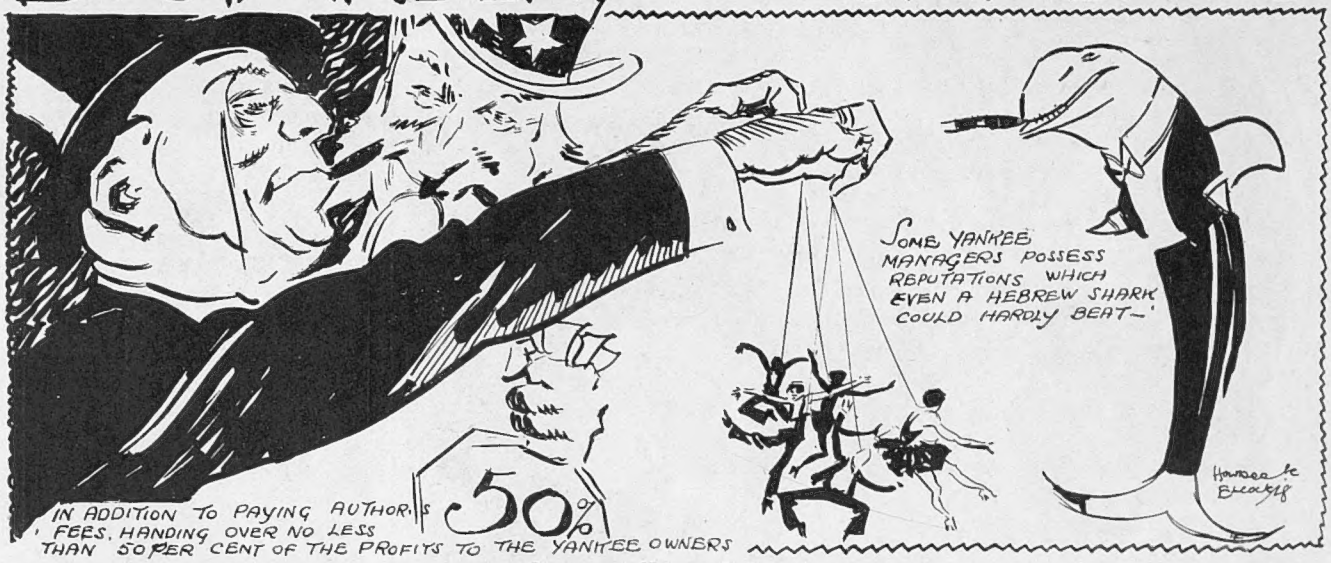
The Queen of Spain, the Infanta Beatrice, and the Infanta Marie Christina, Princess Arthur of Connaught, Princess Helena Victoria, Princess Marie Louise, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke have promised to be present at the Ball, and Lady Carisbrooke, who is Vice-President of the Ladies' Association, and Lady Weigall are working tremendously hard selling tickets. A feature at the Ball will be a super-cabaret, which Roland Pertwee is helping to organise, and white roses will be sold bearing lucky tickets which will entitle the winners to wonderful prizes, which include Paris gowns, model hats, jewellery, a man's eleven-guinea suit made to measure, and even an expensive slimming treatment.



DELYSIA MARRIED *L.N.A*

M. Georges Emil Denis and Mlle. Alice Delysia arriving at the Church of Notre Dame de Paris, near Leicester Square, where they were married last week. M. Denis is the general manager of a French newspaper and a noted Rugby football player

BYSTANDER COMMENTS



SKETCHES BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Give and Take

SOME of our clever theatrical managers are very lavish with their cash, but the dear fellows seldom spend it in England! One of London's most prominent magnates who is running a Yankee play over here, is, in addition to paying author's fees, handing over no less than 50 per cent. of the profits to the Yankee owners of the rights! Why this generosity? Because, presumably, this manager can't trust his own judgment when reading a play in manuscript but prefers to purchase one which has already been successfully produced on the other side. And having witnessed some of the English plays which he did select by reading, I have no hesitation in saying that this manager's generosity is not misplaced!

Cheque Mate

SOME Yankee managers whose names are well known—or notorious—over here, possess reputations for crooked conduct which even a Hebrew city shark could hardly beat! A play agent negotiating the sale of American rights with one of these gentry called on the English manager to announce completion. "There's his agreement and there's his cheque," he said proudly. "Bite it and see if it's good!" was the laconic reply.

The Garrick's Dilemma

ALTHOUGH some weeks will elapse before the New Year's Honours list is published, yet already the Garrick Club is a-twitter with excitement, and in all the time that actor-members can spare from blackballing other actors daring enough to seek election they are looking askance at each other and wondering if old A, B, or C will be honoured before they are! If, however, by any chance, the "legit" draws blank and some mere music-hall person receives the accolade it is quite on the cards that the gloomy portals of the Garrick will be hung in crêpe!

A Question of Fees

THE Sage of Whitehall Court, G.B.S., no longer being photographed looking like an anæmic Neptune disporting himself in the Mediterranean, has fluttered the dovecots of the amateur theatrical world. In the November issue of the *Amateur Stage*, apropos fees which dramatists should charge non-professionals, he writes as follows:—

> Ladies and gentlemen amuse themselves by trying to do what they have seen Miss Gladys Cooper and Sir Gerald du Maurier do. They get up performances and give the profits, if any, to some charity to excuse a weakness of which they are slightly ashamed.

But to amateurs who play for their own profit G.B.S. is much more complimentary, and I should like to ask the great G.B.S. why an actor or actress becomes a worse actor or actress when playing for charity?

The Deadheads

The theatrical deadhead has become so serious a menace to the theatre manager that, according to a leading newspaper, there is every prospect of the free list being entirely suspended in the West End.

WHY *shouldn't* we sneer at the show?
Why *shouldn't* we give it the "bird"?
Why *shouldn't* we wail that the play's bound to fail
And protest that the *décor's* absurd?

Why *shouldn't* we snort with contempt
As we read out the names of the cast?
And in every *entr'acte* tell your friends it's a fact
That the show cannot possibly last?

Why *shouldn't* we tell the whole world
That its backers will lose every cent,
Since production costs are all too heavy by far
And they're paying such terrible rent?

Why *shouldn't* we noise it abroad
That the author can't write a success;
And remark we're afraid the producer has made
A really impossible mess?

Why *shouldn't* we say with a groan,
"This scenery simply won't do;

It's drab, cheap and drear, and we very much fear
That the critics will say the same, too"?

Why *should* we be Christian and blind?
Why *should* we find nice things to say,
When it's palpably plain that *we* don't stand to gain
If they make a success of the play?

At Murray's

"IF winter comes can cabaret be far behind?" as the poet might have sung if only he'd thought of it. The answer is in an emphatic negative! Dance clubs and cabarets are quite alive to the fact that from now on until next spring business will be looking up more than a little, and the wise managements are busy providing fresh entertainment for their patrons. Murray's Club in Beak Street, being both old *and* wise, has got off the mark with a little show called "Murray's Frolics", that is remarkable, inasmuch as it has been produced by a young gentleman, one Martin Adeson, Junr., who is blest with a sense of imagination. The result is that this show scores the maximum of effect with the minimum of elaboration.

On With the Old

ONE of the best features of the show is the revival of old-time songs, which are sung by members of the company in the costumes of the period. Vesta Victoria's "Daddy Wouldn't Buy Me a Bow-Wow," Tom Costello's "At Trinity Church I Met My Doom," Katie Lawrence's "Daisy Bell," and, of course, Lottie Collins's once-audacious "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay" are among the numbers given by the company, who include a really clever juvenile lead in Bruce Carfax. The women in the audience having carefully pointed out that they remember dear grandmamma singing these songs when they were children, join in the choruses as heartily as their male escorts, who are unembarrassed by thoughts of Anno Domini. The words of these old-timers may lack "pep," but the catchiness of the refrains can give most of the modern lyrics a start *and* a beating!

Foiled!

I HEAR from Brighton that George Tully, the famous actor, has been seriously ill, and I hope for his speedy recovery because he is not only a jolly good actor but a jolly good fellow. A story he told me dealt with a play in which he and Gerald Ames had to fight a duel. Now Ames is an expert fencer, but George would be the first to admit that he is not, so, as coach, the services of a *maître d'armes* were enlisted. After a couple of lessons the latter asked: "And which of you two gentlemen kills the other?" "I do! I kill him!" replied George, pointing to Gerald. "*Mais, c'est impossible!*" cried the teacher in despair.

Figuratively Speaking

"I SEE Sylvia de Derviche is wearing the same frock this week as last."

"Yes, she wants to make sure of being recognised."

PUZZLE—FIND AL SMITH!

By David Wilson

CELEBRITIES AT WYE By "The Tout"

Last week's fixture at this sporting little Kentish "Jump" Meeting was held in perfect weather. Mr. W. West, who is in the Foot Guards, rode second on Zadig. Mr. Arthur Cornwallis and Brig.-Gen. T. O. Champion de Crespigny (a brother of Sir Claude Champion de Crespigny) were Stewards. Mr. G. Avila operated the starting gate. P. Thrale, the Shirley trainer, scored with Pagan Chief, and Mr. W Harris (a son of the famous Sausage King) won the November Hurdle with Paris Flight

Racing Notions

By CARBINE

Jumping at Aintree

I was not particularly impressed with the quality of the 'chasers we saw in the Grand Sefton last week, and the fact that only four out of sixteen managed to complete the course was by no means satisfactory, especially now that there is no ditch in front of the Canal fence for horses to blunder into. Still, the finish was worth going a long way to see. I cannot remember a more exciting struggle in steeplechasing. As one of the backers of May King I had plenty of thrills before my money was lost. I thought it had gone when Rampant snatched the lead from him after jumping the last fence. A moment later I looked like landing the bet after all, as May King came again and headed Col. Anthony's horse. Just as I and hundreds of others were beginning to count our gains, along came Skrun Prince with a dash of speed which the others could not resist, with the result that the favourite was pipped on the post. It was a disappointment to us, but you have to get accustomed to that sort of thing if you go racing regularly.

One for the "National"

The winner is a most attractive type of 'chaser, and many of us will be talking about him when the Grand National comes round again. Sir Frederick Freake will be sorry that he sold his half share in the horse some time ago. Colonel P. D. Stewart is now the sole owner of Skrun Prince, and has come in for the congratulations of all his Warwickshire hunting and polo friends. Major J. A. Coats could not see Creebrae carry his penalty to victory in the Molyneux Steeplechase, the popular Master of the Eglinton Foxhounds having started on his interesting expedition to the wilds of Africa. He is a comparative newcomer to the ranks of owners, and it is satisfactory to find him with several good horses in the able hands of Johnny McGuigan at Ayr.

Good for the Bookies

The bookies had all the better of the argument so far as the first three days at Aintree were concerned. "And quite time, too," said one layer when confiding to me the fact that he had enjoyed what he described as a "good meeting." But, of course, one heard the same old story when things go in favour of the bookmakers. They always assure you at these times that there is "no money about." Perhaps the biggest knockdown blow which punters received at the meeting was the poor effort which To You put up in the big nursery on the opening day. Curious how often these supposed handicap certainties get bowled over. If To You had won Mr. Penrhyn-Hornby would have been accused of having made a serious blunder. In the end the laugh was all on the side of the handicapper. Another race in which calculations went west was that won by Blackness. Mr. Gerald Deane, usually so keen on seeing his horses perform, can hardly have expected the success of his French-bred mare, for he preferred taking a day's shooting at Manton to making the trip to Aintree. I expect this race was looked upon as a useful incident in the preparation of Blackness for the Derby Cup, which she won a year ago and for which she was again nicely handicapped. Now that she has incurred the maximum penalty I assume she will no longer be looked on as a good thing for Friday's race, but she has "accepted" and will take her chance.

What Might Have Been

It would be strange if a Liverpool meeting passed without the Irish division, always strongly in evidence there, having a really good tilt at the ring. They thought they had something to bet on when Ennis Bridge was saddled for the nursery on Thursday. And they were unlucky to lose their money. Nine times out of ten the Irish colt would have won this race, but his jockey managed to get into such a tangle in the last quarter of a mile that Ennis Bridge was nearly sent over the rails. He was not the only unlucky loser on that afternoon. Fleeting Memory would certainly have won his race but for losing six lengths at the start, while Lucky Tor seemed unfortunate to have been beaten in the Grosvenor Cup after having looked all over a winner a furlong from home. These results made a vast difference to the settling between bookmakers and backers. It was the ring which scored each time.

Some Selections

Even if Blackness finds her penalty too much for her, the Manton stable may still win the Derby Cup, La Sologne possessing a reasonable good chance on recent running. There is, however, little to choose between her and Kingcob, who may possibly be the better stayer of the two. Cap-a-pie and West Wicklow also come strongly into the reckoning, but I shall make **Kingcob** my choice. **Topsy Turvy** strikes me as being well handicapped for the Chesterfield Nursery on Wednesday. At Hurst Park on Saturday we have the big two-year-old sweepstakes. **Grand Terrace** seems the colt to back on his Middle Park form.

G.P.U.

A COUNTY ENCOUNTER

An incident during the Lancashire versus Cheshire match at Waterloo. Cheshire beat their opponents by 6 points to 3 after a hard game

On the Rugger Field of Battle

The camera in action on the touchline at some recent matches of note in London and the Provinces

ON THE RECTORY FIELD *Central News*

Lord Mandeville, the Blackheath full-back, about to tackle one of the opposing threes in the match between The Club and the Portsmouth United Services. The latter side won easily by 25 points to 11

OXFORD AT HOME *Topical*

A photograph taken during one of the line-outs in the match between Oxford and Edinburgh Academicals on the Iffley Road ground. The visitors beat a weakened Dark Blue XV by 5 points to 3

HOOVER HITS THE HIGH-SPOTS

Special Cable from Our Own Untruthful Correspondent at Bronx

By Matt

Hoover the Winner

Say, Bo', 10,000,000 wireless sets in God's own country have picked up the glad tidings!

From "Rum Row" to the condemned cell the eclipse of "Al" Smith and his brown bowler has been whispered. The only thing to escape the flowing tide of Republicanism was the Statue of Liberty, which turned its back on New York City.

A few unmourned Democrats were also fortunate—they were "shot up" at the polls.

The brevity of the principal actors has been commendable.

The retiring President, Cal Coolidge, informed an expectant world, and eleven million supporters, that he "is pleased with the result." He could scarcely have said less, and it's a bad day for the headline artist.

"Al" Smith has secured "victory in defeat," Europe has got an "ear full," and Colonel Lindbergh flew to vote Republican.

The Quaker Caterer

The confidential Colonel House, who functioned during the period of America's neutrality and participation in the "big fight" as President Wilson's filter, has more than a little responsibility for the fame of Hoover as the universal provider of dry goods. In May of 1917 he advised his appointment as Food Controller, and informed Wilson that he could tell his story in forty minutes, as he had timed him. This is a record for a Food Controller!

At Home

The ratification of the hire purchase Pact, and the limitation of trips to Europe will command the President's attention, and any attempt on the part of a foreign national to purchase Mexico, or the Republics of South America, by deferred payments will call for his serious condemnation.

Post-election gunning will be regarded as bad form, and while it is uncertain how "Big Bill" Thompson of Chicago voted, the "beefin' of a cop" may mean the withdrawal of the White House countenance.

Sartorially there is likely to be a revolution, and the attendance of Mr. Hoover at the polls in a frock coat and top hat is regarded by the well-informed as a prelude to the withdrawal of umbrellas from the American Navy.

Oh, "Al"!

New York City is overwhelmed, and, whisper it not abroad, "Al" is accused of being "provincial." To be wet, to be Roman Catholic, to be anti-Klu-Klux-Klan, would be just tolerable, but for "l'il ole New York" to run a "provincial" excites the scorn of Monkeyville and Baltimore alike. This is likely to lead to big trouble.

Stamped with the indelible stigma of "provincialism". throughout the thirteen Republican states, the apostles of "near beer" hide their diminished heads, and the almost bloodless victory of Hoover brings nearer to the states of Europe the thunderous platitude that they must work out their own damnation, and pay without procrastination the cost of embarking the American Army and President Wilson.

Was not the *moral* of the Allies re-established, and did not they meet America in an atmosphere of sanctity and bankruptcy at Versailles? Then you may bet your bottom dollar (states the Wearst Press) that Hoover will see Britain keeps up her payments regularly, and will insist that the British Government remains obedient when Washington thunders.

For Britishers Hoover's election is "as you were,' only a bit worse.

A Matter of Course in Two Counties

Dennis Moss

AN OPEN MEETING

A group taken at the Cotswold Coursing Club's open meeting at Rodmarton Village, near Tetbury Glos. Mr. C. Chester-Master, Brig.-Gen. R. McCalmont, Major C. A. Branfill, Mrs. Branfill, Capt. A. E. Brice and Mrs. McCalmont

Dennis Moss

AT HALF-TIME

The Judge, Capt. A. E. Brice, returning to lunch with one of the Stewards, Mr. F. Fawcett, at the Cotswold Coursing Club's open meeting at Rodmarton Village, Gloucestershire. Fine weather added to the pleasure of the day

Dennis Moss

SIR JAMES NELSON (LEFT), CAPT. LLOYD, MRS. A. W. ADDINSELL AND MRS. LLOYD

Above and below are some of those who were present at the recent Saluki and Gazelle Hound Coursing Club's meeting. This was held at Waterloo Farm, Burford, in Oxfordshire

Lobical

MRS. T. L. C. CURTIS WITH HER SALUKIS

VARSITY NOTES

OXFORD

Now that half-term is past the various inter-Varsity contests begin to loom up as events of the not-too-distant future, and consequently our Blues are the centres of interest and admiration. Graham Taylor, who has been playing so well this year, does not think he can improve much on the Rugger team as already fielded. The best players, in the opinion of the Iffley Road "fans," are Taylor, Neil Macpherson, Jack Bannerman, Harry Edmiston, and D. S. Troup; and everyone seems to think, as they haven't done for some years, that we are due to win at last. The team is being trained on milk instead of beer this year, so it is to be hoped that some raw meat will be served round before the match to impart the necessary air of fierceness, which will, of course, have worn off by the time they reach "Virginia" in the evening.

The announcement that Mr. Harcourt Gold has been appointed coach-in-chief to the O.U.B.C. is a piece of good news, and, as neither of us will probably be in the crew, Bystander, I hope he gives them a lot of hard work, which has been the chief secret of the Tabs success in the last few years—in my humble opinion.

More sensational was the news, however, that last year's secretary of the Varsity Cricket Club has not been elected captain for next year—a fact which led to considerable discussion in the ranks of the Olympians of the Bullingdon and Vincent's Clubs.

A. T. Barber, the elected captain, is one of the most popular men in the Varsity, however, as well as being one of the most athletically inclined, for, as well as possessing "blues" for cricket and Soccer, he has designs on the hockey and golf teams. In past years I expect he has also had designs on various examiners with whom his views on certain historical topics have not coincided, but at last our Theodore can now drink his morning coffee in peace.

Perhaps the most exciting news this week though is that Graham Eyres-Monsell is to repeat his fancy dress party this year—an event which is one of the most brilliant of the Oxford "season," and another "party," which is almost due is the Caledonian Club's annual dinner at which we all become very Scottish—although perhaps the "reel" dancing festivities afterwards become a little unorthodox.

To refer to other festivities, the dances at the women's colleges were all big successes last week, although they all have to be held on the same day in case we all get too dissipated. At Lady "Maggie" Hall, where I went, however, we managed to make things go with the proverbial swing, and Mr. Jessel and his fellow musicians excelled themselves.

Life isn't all beer up here, however, and I had the unpleasant shock the other day of (*a*) seeing some Americans going to a lecture coatless last week, *à la* Harvard and Yale, and (*b*) hearing the college playing field called the campus. Oxford is not yet an institute for "college boys," and the American accent still falls a little strangely upon our untutored ears.

CHARLES.

CAMBRIDGE

FEELING like a reporter in search of copy, I strolled into the Market Square on the evening of November 5, prepared to witness a little celebration, which I knew was inevitable in honour of Mr. Guy Fawkes. As I entered a few blue devils clipped my face, two cannons exploded under my very nose, and I was borne off my feet by the frenzied rush of people endeavouring to avoid the harmless acrobatics of a jumping jack. Suddenly—it was precisely twenty-one minutes past the hour of eight by the clock on the Guildhall—a huge cheer arose as the first arrest was made. Then a burly-looking individual at my side threw a lighted squib into the middle of the swaying mass, and immediately a constable pounced upon him. "Sorry, constable," he said, "I won't do it again," and the constable, relenting under the seraphic smile and jovial manner of the other, said, jerking his thumb in the direction of the copper shop, "Right-o, but yer ought to be spendin' a night in there." At precisely ten o'clock I was hit behind the ear by a small rocket. That was enough for me. I left abruptly, leaving the situation well under the control of some thirty policemen—some now helmetless—four proctors, and eight bullers. I can only add that the rag never once approached the dimensions of that of 1926, but that was, perhaps, all to the good. I feel I am getting too staid for these wild exuberances of youth.

A DOUBLE BLUE

Mr. A. T. Barber, the Oxford Soccer Blue. He has been elected captain of the O.U.C.C. for the coming summer

Third Trinity gained their seventh consecutive victory in the Coxwainless Fours by beating the First Trinity Olympic Light Four in the record time of 10 min. 1 sec., thus beating the previous record of 10 min. 9 sec., which has stood for twenty-five years. This augurs well for Cambridge's chances in the next Boat Race, which has been fixed for Saturday, March 23, the same day as the Oxford and Cambridge Sports at Stamford Bridge.

A very important decision of the C.U.B.C., which will have an enormous effect not only in the rowing world at large, but also, more particularly, on those present rowing men who are occasionally compelled to sit down through sheer exhaustion, was announced last week when it was agreed that all divisions of Lent Races should, from henceforth, be rowed on slides with a maximum movement of nine inches. Another innovation was that it was also decided to allow Freshmen rowing in Trial Eights to compete in the Lents.

BERNIL.

A WINNING DOUBLE FROM THE CAM

E. Norman-Butler (left) and J. B. Collins, two members of the victorious Third Trinity crew in the Coxwainless Fours. The latter stroked the boat to victory

Some Amateur Soccer Clubs

BY MAC

No. 7—NUNHEAD

One of the strongest combinations in the Isthmian League, Nunhead are a force to be reckoned with in the realms of Amateur Soccer. They are fortunate in having many rising "stars" in their ranks, in addition to those who have already given ample proof of their prowess on the field

Enter Harlequin

A RUGGER REVERIE

By PENDARVES

RATHER tiresome when there are at least three star matches in Town on a Saturday afternoon and you can't ascertain which is likely to be the most interesting. But after coin tossing and back chat in a famous Rugger rendezvous two of us barged into a moving train at Waterloo, found ourselves in the same carriage with a blithe Harlequin, Twickenham bound, and felt, from his enthusiastic conversation, that somehow we were on the right track. Very annoying, a little later, when this same Harlequin lay momentarily unconscious on his back to hear a Cockney voice cry in the stillness of a casualty pause, "Let him die"! This is not funny; it is foreign to Twickenham; and if it continues to occur—there was much of it from a section of the crowd that day—a number of Rugger men I know are going to stamp it out, with the boot, on the spot. I hope I may be there.

AN instructive afternoon: a gay: a sprightly. For enter Harlequin, upon his own stage, merrily once more. Several Harlequins, in fact, famous and unknown, with the redoubtable Bristol warriors collectively as an "also ran." Yes, I know that neither Locke nor Sherman turned out for Bristol, and that Corbett was only touch-judging for them. Nevertheless, they had an England full-back in T. W. Brown, and an England forward in J. S. Tucker—and yet they were beaten fore and aft and sideways.

IT was not the Bristol defeat which agitated me pleasurably—nor them either, no doubt—it was the re-entry upon the Twickenham stage of so dazzling a Harlequinade that it made us realise this was, after all, the game to see, in spite of Oxford and the Services elsewhere. Two excellent tries and a penalty goal in the first twenty minutes—and several more to come. A 'Quin side all life and vigour and initiative: with Laird his old resourceful self, with Chick making manifest the fact that he ought to have been capped long ago, with Wakers playing one of his great games, than which there is none greater even today—and he in the second row of the scrum, an unusual place for him.

BUT primarily, and most impressively, it was a young Harlequin side we saw. There were men playing in very new jerseys and very new 'Quin stockings, to whom even the extremely sparse crowd must have been a stiff ordeal, Jacques, for example, filling Hubbard's *rôle* at full-back, a youngster whose positioning was perfect even if nerves caused crude kicking to touch; a back of promise, who need have no regrets about that day. And Pattisson and Reeve, the wing threes; new men, but men of ability, who run straight and hard, according to the best Harlequinade tradition. A most instructive afternoon it must have been to Adrian Stoop with his rucksack on the other touch line. I am very intrigued by the Stoop rucksack. Does it contain photos of International sides, 1905-12? Or merely a mundane pair of shorts in case someone should want them? I suppose we shall never know from this strong, silent man: bless him.

IN the same Rugger rendezvous, after the match, Wakers (drinking lemon squash, a silent example of the sober and industrious life) regaled me with the high technique of that forward game—"a second or two later with the heel; they are all out of position, you see, and we're away. Then again . . ."—but one has to be a sort of Datas to remember Wakefield scrum precepts when he gets well away on Rugger theory, his favourite topic. But you need be nothing but an intent, and enthralled, observer of the game as it should be played, upon a day when he is leading a pack of forwards as he led them against Bristol.

THE Bristol pack is a formidable one: hefty, fast, vicious in the orthodox manner of good fighting forwards, ponderously and steadfastly on the ball. And yet through them the 'Quins carved, wheeled, and trampled a persistent path towards tries. A tooth or two was lost; venomous mutterings from bent heads reached the touch lines and shocked us dreadfully; the referee's whistle cut sharply from time to time into the tumult of the battle, and heaving men sorted themselves out of inextricable *mêlées*. But everything was most friendly really and thoroughly enjoyable. For there is nothing more inspiring on a perfect Rugger-playing afternoon than to hear a man like J. S. Tucker beseeching a share of the ball and the old war-horse neigh of Wakefield, "*Round* it, forwards, *round* it!" as he himself bangs a way through, hard, fast, and effectively.

Sport and General

"WAKERS" GETS THE BALL

W. W. Wakefield, the famous Harlequin, photographed being driven into touch during the recent game between the 'Quins and Bristol at Twickenham. The Harlequins won by 19 points to 5, though Bristol were weakened by injuries and absences

THE OPENING MEET OF THE PERCY AT ALNWICK CASTLE

Hunting Opens in the North

THE opening meet of the Percy, where these photographs were taken, was held at the Duke of Northumberland's seat, Alnwick Castle, and attracted a considerable number of onlookers as well as a sizable field. The Duke of Northumberland has been Master of the pack since 1921

Photographs

LADY ELIZABETH PERCY, LORD RICHARD PERCY, LADY DIANA PERCY AND, IN FRONT, LORD GEOFFREY PERCY

Express Photos

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

THE TRUTH GAME

AT THE GLOBE

Produced October 5, 1928

By "JINGLE"

Illustrations by MACMICHAEL

THIS is a dainty and fascinating comedy of True Love into which the merely sordid question of Money does not enter. It is Romance of the ideal kind presented with a singular charm by Mr. Ivor Novello and Miss Lily Elsie. Mrs. Rosine Browne, a young and attractive widow, is being escorted home by Mr. Max Clement, and on the way they fall deeply in love with one another. So much so, that, on arriving at Rosine's door-step, they give expression to their affection in a long-drawn-out kiss of such perfect emphasis that even the passing policeman winces a little as he flashes his lantern considerately in the opposite direction. It is the pride of our splendid police that they know when not to look. Max then pleads that Rosine will admit him to the house; but Rosine thinks not. I, also, should think not.

IT then occurs to Rosine to explain to her escort that she really does not care for him, after all. The emphasised kiss was merely the result of a passing aberration that might happen to anybody. Max, with the superb insolence that ladies like so much, even if for the sake of the proprieties they have to affect to resent it, says that he is determined to marry her, and therefore all he wants now is that she will name the day. Rosine then explains further. Her late husband left one of those queer wills which provides that in the event of her remarriage all her fortune, which is of the usual amplitude of romance, will be taken from her, and go to a distant cousin. Consequently, she has decided to remain single, or thereabouts.

MAX replies that he is quite indifferent on the money question! What is money, anyway? He vows that he will never let her go till she has promised to marry him at once; but, while his back is turned for a moment, she slips into the house, and though he knocks and knocks till the neighbours must be getting fearfully annoyed, there is no response. We next see Rosine in her drawing-room some three weeks later, and gather that, true to his vow, Max has been conducting a whirlwind courtship from afar during the interval. When he is not telephoning from a call-office at twopence a time, he is sending telegrams that breathe undying affection at twelve words a shilling. Finally, as befits an irrepressible lover like himself, he climbs through the drawing-room window like a very modern Romeo—apologising nicely for this mode of intrusion on the ground that the front door was closed against him.

AT first Rosine refuses to talk to him. She will say no more than that she will be much obliged if he will vacate the premises forthwith. But Max is not the kind of person to be brushed off the doorstep like that. He at once assures Rosine as convincingly and as forcefully as Mr. Ivor Novello only can, that he loves her for herself alone. The fact that she will lose her money on remarriage cannot be weighed against such affection as he is sure he can inspire, though to be sure it is to be regretted that he is himself entirely without means to compensate her for the sacrifice. The happy couple would presumably have to live on the dole or something of that sort. Rosine is, however, compelled to admit that the comfort that money in large quantities can ensure, appeals to her immensely. She has known great poverty, and she has known vast wealth, and of the two she not unreasonably prefers the latter.

MAX then plays his trump card. He is himself the distant cousin to whom the money will come in the event of Rosine's remarriage, so that if she will consent to be his wife, the money will be kept in the family, as you might say. Rosine at once comes to the conclusion that it is not her love but her money that has inspired this extremely persistent wooing, and on this keynote we are treated to a number of pretty lovers' quarrels and reconciliations to make the romance last out till the final curtain. But the love-making part of the play, delicate and appealing as it may be, is not the whole of the entertainment. There are one or two extremely well-drawn characters that supply what is generally known as comic relief, with striking success.

THERE is, to begin with, Mrs. Evelyn Brandon (Miss Lilian Braithwaite), a charming and most assiduous widow of uncertain age, who makes a quite comfortable income by recommending her rich friends to tradesmen of her acquaintance, and drawing a commission on the sales effected. Mrs. Brandon can see life only in terms of so much per cent., and when on one occasion she sees a clear chance of becoming a matchmaker, she stipulates before-

A TEA-TIME INTERLUDE *Stage Photo Co.*

Max Clement (Ivor Novello) and Rosine Browne (Lily Elsie) discuss other things than China Tea. This is not surprising after Max's farewell on a previous evening to his "girl in the taxi," who in this case was Rosine herself

hand for a liberal commission on the marriage-settlement. In this part Miss Braithwaite's comedy is quite perfect.

THEN there is The Lady Joan Culver, sturdily represented by Miss Viola Tree, who has taken great pains to make herself look quite plain and, in the ordinary sense, unattractive. But she is a delightfully slangy creature who admits quite freely that she has "not got a bob," being only the youngest daughter of a Duke, though even as to that she mutters a cheerful aside to the effect that you can never be sure of anything nowadays. When she shakes hands it is with a finger-crushing grip, and her kiss of greeting is almost bruising in its vigour. She says she is thirty-three years of age, and is so unprepossessing that, so far, no one has even hinted at matrimony for her, though she has not been without the usual sportful offers of more transitory alliances. Miss Tree, who is the first favourite with the house from the start, gives quite a rollicking portrait of the titled lady of careless manners, especially when, at the breakfast table, she eats an apple, as the old negress said, with all her face.

THE Truth Game, from which the play takes its title, is played in the drawing-room of a house which Mrs. Brandon is trying to sell on the usual commission terms. The idea is that every member of the company shall state, as if on oath, exactly what he or she thinks of the other people in the room, and it can be readily understood that Lady Joan Culver is not going to miss the chance of a little plain-speaking like that. Max Clement, invited to take his turn at the game, begins with the fair Rosine, and contrives to pay her so many compliments that she is moved to make up their last quarrel on the spot, reserving her right to commence a new one a little later on As a light entertainment for the average person, the play seems to me to be admirably complete, and I have to thank the management for a very pleasant evening.

JINGLE.

Red Hell Let Loose

To What Red Hell, at Wyndham's Theatre, is strong propaganda, but a weak play in many respects. The author, Percy Robinson, attacks capital punishment with a fury which is so great that polish of construction is allowed to go by the board. Such a theme lends itself naturally to the sordid with epileptic seizures, strangled prostitutes and so on, but the author has certainly laid it on with a shovel. That is why the pit and gallery appreciate it more than the stalls.

By Stan Terry

THOSE HIGHLAND GAMES

"An' hoo does ye're son get on wi' they English noo he's wurrkin' in London?"
'Mon, he does na' meet ony—he only deals wi' the bosses!"

BON MOT-IFS

By HARTLEY CARRICK

The famous Tower of Pisa is said to be getting more and more out of perspective. That statement signifies lean times ahead.

. . . . .

Last week, at the close of play, a League footballer was kissed by a feminine admirer. He should not have stayed in the penalty area.

. . . . .

"Why?" asks a contemporary, "do men marry their typists?" A possible reason may be that they like to know someone they can dictate to.

. . . . .

After visiting the two old Universities an American tourist declares that the Oxford men walk like crabs, and the Cambridge fellows hunch their shoulders. So now you can choose between the Oxford side and the Cambridge backs!

. . . . .

"Whenever," he remarked, "my wife gets too chatty, I take her to the Whispering Gallery at St. Paul's. It is the one place where she can't get the last word.'

. . . . .

"I have just 'touched' my mother for a fiver," exclaimed the prodigal, "and I regard my achievement as a triumph of mine over mater."

A Test Match thought:—Everything in the Jardine's lovely.

. . . . .

A Chicago lady recently shot her husband. Her defence was that he was an ungodly fellow, and she meant to get him to heaven somehow.

. . .

A Chicago resident has bequeathed a dozen bottles of whiskey to his son. One might almost describe this as a boot-legacy.

. . .

From a police report: "The prisoner put his hand to his hip-pocket." We wonder whether that action was a threat or a promise.

. . .

A reader states that he always takes a volume by Mr. Arnold Bennett when he retires to his bedroom. We must try this cure for insomnia.

. . .

We have just heard of a man who went to church to give thanks for his recovery from an operation. He left hurriedly, however, when the padre announced, "Hymn No. 275—out of the appendix."

"Where are you and your wife living now?"

"Oh, we're still at Loggerheads."

. . . . .

"So Jones got his divorce to-day."

"Yes, and he's been celibating the occasion."

. . . . .

"So you've given up your job? I thought you were so enthusiastic about it."

"I was; but, unfortunately, it was my boss who 'fired me' with enthusiasm."

. . . . .

"I fell is love with this house as soon as I saw it."

"I see; yours must have been a case of love at first site."

. . . . .

"Jones, what are the two things necessary to baptism?"

"Please, sir, water and a baby."

. . . . .

A Norwich dentist has given up his practice, and is now a member of a musical comedy company. He ought to be useful when the time comes to insert the gags.

. . . . .

A correspondent wants to know the origin of the phrase, "Treat 'em rough." Any laundress can supply the answer.

By A. R. Cane

HELP!

Mother: "The housemaid is ill. Come and help me make the beds"

Daughter: "Impossible, mother. You know I have to attend a meeting of the League of Help in ten minutes' time"

BY TOM COTTRELL

IN FULL CRY

"Silently, on Tip-toe Stealing"

De Mirjian

THE POWELL SISTERS

Ray and Florence, who are the leading Gertrude Hoffman girls and have made an overwhelming success at 44th Street Theatre, New York, where they are playing in "A Night in Spain." They are contracted to appear in London after their present engagement in New York

"For half an hour he would try his tricks"

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF BACCHUS

No. V—CAÑA

By ARTHUR MILLS

Illustration by LEO BATES

On Saturday evenings when the hard week's work, of which I had been a privileged spectator, was over, Donato and I would saddle our horses and ride across the plain bathed with the red of sunset, till we came to the pulperia, or general store and drinking booth, frequented by the cowboys of the neighbourhood.

Donato himself worked in the corrals no more, but passed the evening of his days under the shade of an ombu tree plaiting lassos and fashioning bridles and rebenques from raw hide leather. But that the old harness maker had been a great horseman and handler of cattle in his day was commonly accepted. He was indeed a man of the real *gaucho* breed if ever I have met one. We would ride the whole distance, some three leagues, at the gallop or hand canter; and to drop back and watch the way the old man sat his horse was to see an example of two creatures united on the very poetry of motion.

Arriving at the pulperia, we would call for caña, the spirit that is a sort of rum and is drunk throughout the "camp" in Argentina. But before we were served Donato always went through the same ritual; he drew from his belt the long, shining knife with silver studded handle with which the cattle man eats, works, or kills his neighbour. This he tossed on to the counter and the barman took it and put it with other knives on a shelf behind. Then the fiery caña was poured out for us; we drank it down, and afterwards a glass of water.

Another glass apiece would follow, and the ghost of the long dead flame of youth would begin to light the old man's eyes. Outside the peons were arriving one by one, hitching their horses to the posts, leaving the sweat-stained animals with taut girths, for an Argentine cowboy, unlike the Arab, takes little care of his horse.

"I remember when I was a young horse tamer," said Donato. "I had a colorado (bay) that was very wild. I would ride him to the pulperia and when I got outside get down and tie a knot in his tail, then mount again and invite him to try to throw me. For a half hour he would try his tricks, and sometimes the blood would flow from my nose and mouth, but he never put me on the ground."

"Why tie the knot in his tail, Donato?"

"To keep it from the mud, Señor."

Yes, they must have been great horsemen those old gaucho domadors.

Seeing Donato in reminiscent mood, I called for further caña. The old man was not overfond of too much questioning, especially such as he thought absurd, and only with diffidence I asked:

"Donato, this habit of handing over arms before

Copyright, 1928, by Arthur Mills.

drinks may be served, is it really necessary in these modern days? "

"There was a killing here not long ago," was the answer.

And then Donato told me about the "killing" which took place at the pulperia that I will call Santa Jacinta.

This is the scene I pictured from Donato's story. The cowboys are playing their native game of taba. The men squat in a row on the ground. In the centre a man sits at a table improvised out of an old packing case. In front of this the ground is marked out by two lines traced some twenty yards apart. A man toes one of these lines, holding in his hand a curiously shaped bone, flattened off top and bottom and faced with iron. This is the taba, made from the bone of a steer. Balancing himself carefully, he throws the bone in the air, giving a twist with his wrist which imparts a backward spin. The bone falls on the other side of the line some twenty yards away.

"*Colo,*" calls the man sitting at the packing case. The one who has thrown goes up to him, takes a handful of silver from his pocket and pays. He has lost, because to win it is necessary to make the taba fall with the *swerte* or S-shaped surface to the sky. It is like a game of pitch and toss, in which a man declares he will throw a head, and at taba the *swerte* always wins. Some declare there is skill in it, and some that there is none.

Miguel and Rodriguez are playing. Rodriguez sits behind the box. Rodriguez is the foreman of a neighbouring estancia, and he and Miguel hate one another, for Rodriguez has won nearly all Miguel's money. See, already Miguel is going to fetch his silver-mounted saddlery with which to make another stake. It is there to hand on the back of his horse tied beneath the tree—the silver saddlery which he bought with money earned on the sweating cattle plains, and which he is so proud to disport on holidays.

He is going to throw again; the eyes of all watching are lit with tense excitement, for here is a man gambling the last of his possessions. Miguel toes the line, takes the taba in his hand, balances himself, and throws.

"*Colo!*" You hear the throaty echo from the group of watching peons. Once more Miguel has lost. He takes his saddlery, pitches it at Rodriguez's feet, and walks towards the bar.

The barman pours him out a glass of caña. Miguel drinks it at the usual gulp. His eyes wander to the tree beneath which his horse stands—a chesnut of good quality. That horse is the very last of his worldly goods —more, the last thread saving him from falling into utter disrepute among his fellows. For of what count is a cowboy in Argentina—or in that neighbourhood at least where cowboys are prosperous—who does not possess a horse. How shall he saddle up and ride away to another estancia looking for another master—freeman of the plains that he is.

Such a moment needs another caña. Again Miguel drinks deeply, then dashes the glass to the ground, and strides over to Rodriguez. The horse is examined; hot argument ensues; a price is agreed upon; and Miguel once more takes the taba in his hand.

His eyes flame now with the caña he has drunk, but his brain is clear, and before he balances himself finally he bends down and carefully dries his hand in the hot sand; then measures his distance for the last time.

For a long while he looks at the place where the taba shall fall, his cheeks are pinched. At last he throws.

"*Colo!*"

There is almost a groan in the cry of the spectators; for it is a bad thing to see a man lose his horse. Rodriguez gets up and walks swaggering across to the place where Miguel's horse is tethered. Suddenly there is a sharp report—every hand jerks to belt. Rodriguez pitches forward in the dust—Miguel, his eyes inflamed with caña, holds a smoking revolver in his hand.

Such is the story Donato told me, and such the reason men still hand over their arms at the pulperia at Santa Jacinta to this day. For, as Donato said, when an Argentine is inflamed with caña he is not as at other times, and it is then he is likely to make a "killing."

A. M.

Central Press

"INTO THE VALLEY OF DEATH"

A stirring photograph of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," re-enacted during the filming of the new picture, "Balaclava." This realistic scene took place in the Long Valley, Aldershot

BY ELSIE HARDING

A SHORT SKIRT—AND A GAY ONE!

BARGAINS

Our artist's impression of a usual morning scene enacted on the verandah of the hotel at Jaipur. Here come the curio sellers and patie
brassware from Muradabad, bowls from Benares, amethyst, topaz and turquoise from Tibet a

BY PETER

S FOR ALL

atiently squat on the edge of the verandah as they display their colourful wares in the bright morning sunlight. Shawls from Kashmir, t all figure among the wares there offered by these keen bargain-drivers to Sahib and Mem-Sahib

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T.T.38v

"The soldier entered the room"

PIERRE

By P. HOOLE JACKSON

Illustration by STANLEY LLOYD

"He will come," said Pierre, "he will come," and he drummed with his fingers on the polished table beside his glass of cognac that sparkled in the mellow lamplight of the Café de la Coq d'Or.

He was sitting by the window, looking up the road that climbed steadily towards the sunset which gleamed redly behind a line of poplar trees; his fingers were fragile and tremulous, his hair white and long, his beard and moustache still kept with military trimness.

"He waits always so," said madame of the café to the Englishman who sat in the shadow. "His son was missing after Verdun . . . and you know what that means."

"I know what that means," answered the Englishman quietly. . . . "I lost some of my own men so . . . in ways that are not good to talk of."

"In England, perhaps," said madame, not without a trace of bitterness. "But in France we talk of them . . . for they are not good for a nation to forget, nor should sacrifice be glossed over because the manner of it is hideous . . . the *bon Dieu* knows that Calvary was no thing for women's eyes . . . but He thought it good that Holy Mother should see her Son tortured . . . and that the torture should be remembered of men forever," and madame crossed herself gravely.

"Go and talk to him, m'sieu," she said gently, pointing to Pierre. "We of the village have come to love him so . . . he is a monument . . . a memorial . . . something too fine to lose . . . though we must lose him in the good God's time."

The Englishman rose and took his wine to the old man's table.

"Good-evening, Pierre," he said. "It is a beautiful night, is it not? . . . a night such as only France can give . . . of moonlight like pure water and a horizon with a blur of sunset still lingering under the moon."

The old man smiled, and the wrinkles under his eyes puckered in a way that is loved among men with straight glances and fine souls.

"It is a beautiful night, m'sieu," he replied; "the better for your company," and he inclined his head courteously.

The Englishman bowed also over his glass.

"To your long life, Pierre," he said, and drained his wine.

The other laughed. "You are a man much as my son was," he said. "Straight and tall, with a smile in the eyes and a jest to cover pain . . . is it not so? . . . ah! but I know . . . you need not answer. . . . Listen; I will tell you a story."

He sipped his cognac, gazed thoughtfully up the moonlit road, which glistened whitely between the scattered cottages of the village, and showed the good father repeating his Office as he strode down it—a black, outstanding figure in the pale light.

(All rights strictly reserved)

" He was to have been a priest," said Pierre, " like the good father there, but God ordered that he must become a soldier . . . and so he went. . . . As for me, I went also . . . a veteran . . . too old for the line at first . . . but later . . . ah! you know how the Boches drained us of our best in those first wild days. . . . I stood in the forts at Verdun . . . but I did not mind . . . and always I prayed. . . Lord, if thou wilt have one life from our family let it be mine.

" A foolish prayer, but a father's," Pierre smiled in a way which irradiated his fine features. " Well, it was not to be. . . . I came back . . . *blessé* . . . a mere scratch, but it kept me from the fighting . . . and then they told me he was missing. . . .

" We had promised to meet here . . . to have one gay reunion when it was over . . . and it has been over for more than ten years, and he has not come . . . but he will, for he is a lad of his word . . . and therefore I wait, though they of the village smile and call me mad."

He paused, watching a figure advancing down the road, his face alight. The figure passed on, and the Englishman watched the light die down in the brave eyes.

" It is always so," went on Pierre, " they always pass . . . and pass . . . and I grow old."

The lamp flickered and died down a little; from the slowly darkening room the moonlight outside seemed doubly brilliant; the good father had turned in at his tiny gate, and all was still. A deathly silence seemed to fill the place, and an eerie chill crept down the spine of the Englishman.

" Pierre," he said softly, " *Pierre.*"

" Have no fear, m'sieu," said the old man, " I am well and strong as yet . . . forgive my silence, I grow *triste* sometimes . . . I am not good company . . . ah! . . . Once I was the jester of the regiment. . . . ' Pierre . . . Pierre ' . . . I can hear them calling . . . ' Come here, Pierre . . . sing us a song, Pierre . . . tell us one of your droll stories, Pierre.' . . . Even the captain sought my company sometimes . . . for he loved a merry jest. . . . Those were the days, m'sieu, . . . when every café lass was proud for a glance from my eye . . . when Jacques Millet used to sit beside me and the drink went round . . . and little Jacqueline would sit on our great knees in turn . . . and Jacques would say . . . ' Bah . . . get down, Jacqueline, I have no use for women . . . they are only bundles of trouble done up in silks ' . . . or he would spit in the fire and say, . . . ' *Voilà!* Jacqueline, that is how your pretty little carcase will frizzle in hell.' . . . Oh, he was a great jester was Jacques, but the girls all loved him; he never lacked one for his bed . . . no, no " . . . and Pierre laughed merrily.

The Englishman was himself again. " Great days, Pierre," he said. " Great, but sad; we knew the best that women had to give, then . . . and we knew a little of hell also . . . but there were always good men to stand by your side . . . and your land and mine were linked by stronger bonds than any treaties can make. . . . Did we not mingle near Ephey . . . at Verdun . . . and behind the lines when a little wine and a gay piece of skirt could make us forget the gunfire for a time."

Suddenly he ceased speaking; down the road a solitary figure was advancing . . . and it was dressed in the uniform of a *poilu*, and the uniform was torn and muddy. The Englishman half rose in his chair, and Pierre gave a queer cry that was like an animal in pain.

The man came on, his step resounding firmly on the road . . . the door of the café opened . . . and the soldier entered the room.

As he entered the lamp went out . . . perhaps with the force of cold, night air that entered with the visitor. The hair on the Englishman's nape stiffened; he remained seated as one rooted to his chair, watching Pierre rise with glowing eyes and move towards his son.

" *Mon pauvre . . . mon pauvre* . . . where have you been? " he cried, staggering towards the tall figure by the door.

" I promised . . . and I am here," said a hollow voice . . . and then the two were in each other's arms.

. . . . . .

Telling the story afterwards, Raymond always swears that he fainted . . . the night, the fading light, the positive belief in the death of the son had all worked on his war-shattered nerves.

" But he was not dead," he continues, smiling. " It was one of those miracles which have been written of often, and which sometimes did happen . . . the son had come back from the dead . . . he had been in some madhouse . . . he could not tell where . . . and then, one day, they gave him his clothes and told him he could go. . . . I fancy that must have been when the Armistice was signed. . . . At any rate, he made his way over the frontier. He must have been half mad even then, for he believed that the war was still going on.

" Some villagers took pity on him, and he worked for them . . . content to be free after his experiences in the asylum . . . his memory must have gradually returned. One day he was searching in his attic for some clothes, and he found the old uniform . . . possibly it had belonged to one of the sons on the farm where he worked. He was a good worker, and they were loth to let him go. . . . I fancy they tried to keep him against his will, for he literally ran away . . . miles across country . . . that is why he was so muddy . . . no wonder I thought it was his ghost. . . . He remembered the name only of his village, and asked for it, begging bread as he came, hiding by day with his half-witted cunning. . . . When he came down the street and saw the lamp in the café he remembered all. . . .

" Pierre! Oh, yes, the old man lived . . . is living still. . . . He was in bed for a little time from shock. . . . I firmly believe that he shares my opinion that it was his son's spirit come for him . . but the young man nursed him like a woman, so madame told me when I went back . . . and I met them both . . . sipping cognac . . . and jesting with madame's daughter . . . glad to see me . . . well, I was really drunk; I think, for the first time since the Armistice. . . ."

But Raymond jests to hide his own pain, for he lost a brother also in the war . . . missing . . . and sometimes he goes to France for a long time . . . to look for the grave, he says . . . but hope is a wonderful thing . . . even when things are more hopeless than they seemed in nineteen-fourteen.

P. H. J.

Differences of Opinion

BY LENDON

"Madam, I will replace the animal"
"Sir, you flatter yourself!"

"THE CLUB VISITS PARIS *Keystone*

The break up from a scrum photographed during the recent game between Blackheath and the Racing Club of France, at the Colombes Stadium, Paris. Blackheath were beaten by 15 points to 14 after a very strenuous game. Another Blackheath Fifteen, on the same day, lost to the United Services, Portsmouth, by 25 points to 11

A HUNDREDTH HUNDRED

A photograph of Hendren, who scored his hundredth century in first class cricket during the M.C.C. match against Victoria. He thus joins the select band compris.ng W. G. Grace, Hobbs, Tom Hayward and Mead. He batted for 2¼ hours

L.N.A.

BREASTING THE TAPE

H. J. Grimwade photographed winning the Stock Exchange Athletic Club's Annual Twenty-five Miles Walk

Topical

JUMPING FOR IT

A photograph of some strenuous work in a line-out in the recent game between St. Quintinois, a French Rugby Team, and the London County Council Rugby Fifteen. This match took place at Marble Hill, Twickenham

Central News

THE LAST HURDLE

G. C. R. Clay (Lancing and New College), nearest camera, photographed winning the 120 Yards Hurdles from R. A. Hewins (Winchester and Christ Church) on the first day of the Oxford Seniors' Sports

Sport of All Kinds in Many Places

CLEARING IT *Photopress*

H. B. Waller, of Charterhouse and New College, competing in the High Jump in the Oxford University Athletic Club Seniors' Sports. He won the event with a jump of 5ft. 6in.

Photopress

STARTING OFF

Mrs. Malcolm Campbell acting as starter in the recent trial held by the London Women's Motor Cycle Club. She also presented the Trophy which was ridden for

Special Press

TAKING TO THE WATER

Rowing is becoming increasingly popular as a sport for women, and the lady members of the University of London Rowing Club are among the keenest of oarswomen. A four are here seen going down to the river at Barnes

PARISIANA By René

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS,

I DON'T know if you have similar worries in Chelsea, but we are being driven to distraction in Montparnasse, reputed successor of the *Quartier Latin* on its Bohemian and *intellectuel* side. Montparnasse now consists almost exclusively of three *cafés*—the Rotonde, the Dome, and the Coupole. Nominally they are the resorts of the artists of the Latin Quarter during their leisure hours. Charabanc parties of tourists are conveyed there to witness the thrilling spectacle of Parisian artists "enjoying their leisure." The tourists could come at any hour of the day, from eleven of the morn to three of the morning after, and they would be sure of seeing the spectacle. For these "artists" are always enjoying their leisure.

'Must she call a policeman?"

PRIMO, they are not artists—or, at least, very few of them—either of the brush or the pen. Secundo, ornamenting the *cafés* of the Raspail *carrefour* is their principal, if not their sole, occupation. The real artists of Paris are too busy painting and writing—and money-making—to idle away hours before piles of lager-beer *soucoupes*. Yet we would not begrudge the *poseurs* their monopoly of the hundreds of seats in these *cafés*, nor their pretence that they are artists because they have rented Montparnasse studios, furnished, and have once been introduced to Fujita—when he was going home early—we would be content to remain completely indifferent to them and their artistic pretensions if only they would keep quiet about them or detail their future plans in whispers.

'Piles of lager-beer *soucoupes*'

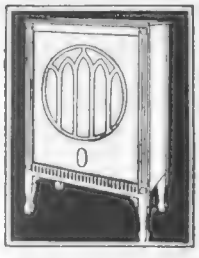
"*Les dames provocantes*"

WHAT makes us writhe is that they are always telling us, in voices that penetrate to the remotest corner-seats, that they are just about to evolve a "new form of self-expression"—a form which will revolutionise the world of letters or the world of art. All that has hindered the recognition of their genius hitherto has been the lack of the ideal "form of expression." How that phrase does give us *mal à l'estomac*, as well as *mal aux dents!*

EVER since they drank their first *bock* in Paris they have had the urge to "express themselves." But there was only one wonderful "form" that was fitted to the "expression" of the bursting genius within them, and this appropriate form was hidden from them by the perverseness of Fate. They have searched for it—oh, how they have searched for it!—in endless flagons of beer that, unfortunately for us, was too light to put them to sleep, and in raucous disputations with other searchers which have so made our poor ears ache. They never find it. They never will find it. But how we wish they could be like Gray's village genius, who was equally inglorious but also mute.

THERE exists among us, we have had reason to note, a Parisienne who is extraordinarily strait-laced. And, even more extraordinary still, she has rushed into publicity about it. She announces that she has been quite disturbed because men have kept on looking at her in the street, have even followed her. This, she considers, is an attitude that merits resentment, because she is not pretty or, so she modestly says, particularly *chic*. She wants to know what she must do about it. Must she call a policeman, or must she always go back home by the very first 'bus!

Having mentioned that the title of this picture might be "Just a Song at Twilight," let us get down to more pertinent things. The instrument in the picture is the new Amplion speaker around which there is a pleasant little controversy raging. Is it as good as the best type of moving coil loud speaker? Really there is no comparison, for whereas the moving coil type of speaker gives an artificial depth to reproduction by boosting the bass, the new Amplion gives absolutely accurate and natural reproduction, overstressing neither bass nor treble, providing a balanced performance at all frequencies. And of course, the new Amplion has this tremendous advantage — it can be operated from a simple two-valver. It requires no extra valves; neither does it require batteries, special transformers or mains-connections to actuate its field. ◘ Hear the new Amplion and be critical. We are inclined to believe that you will fully endorse the verdict of Dr. N. W. McLachlan, D.Sc., M.I.E.E., who wrote recently, saying that "it reproduces sound better than any loud speaker now on the market." Dr. McLachlan is, of course, the authority whose installation at the South Kensington Museum has hitherto been regarded as the most perfect of all radio speakers. ◘ And rather than cap his tribute with other comments, we will just add the old tag—*verb. sap.*



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WELL, well! This *is* a new specimen among Parisiennes. Usually the *citoyenne* of Paris includes among her main purpose in living, the desire to be looked at—looked at hard and often. The longer the look, in fact, the greater the compliment. And the invitation to *un petit verre de porto* was ever regarded as the sincerest form of flattery. What would Guy de Maupassant and kindred writers have done for openings to their stories if the Parisiennes of their days had been like the new model? The prospect for their successors threatens to become most doleful.

BUT there is some reassurance in the news that the strait-laced one has not, as yet, an abundance of staid sisters. This is to be concluded from a Parisian who protests that he is as much to be pitied as the plain and homely lady. Always he is encountering, he says, *les dames provocantes*. They come and sit opposite to him in the "Tube" or beside him in the cinema. And almost before he has time to remark that he is no longer alone they give him the knee-nudge or the toe-tap—which can be quite as explicit as the Morse code. Thus he feels that the position is at least fifty-fifty in Paris, and that it is not quite fair for any Parisienne to complain. I doubt if there will be any more contributions to the debate. Most Parisians, and Parisiennes, will content themselves with the remark, "Some people never know when they are lucky."

"How that phrase does give us *mal aux dents*"

ABOVE all else, what the Parisian loves to do is something that the laws or regulations forbid him to do. This sort of adventure contains a spice which he can scarcely resist. So it is not to be wondered that over a hundred men and women of this city were huddled together in the dock of the local Court to answer a charge of walking across the Pont de la Concorde. The Pont de la Concorde, which is to be widened—some day, that is, because the matter has been in a state of project for something like three years—is officially closed to pedestrians. The old stone bridge is reserved for vehicles and a footbridge has been placed alongside.

Eh bien, one is thoroughly comfortable in traversing the Seine by the footbridge. On the other hand, passage by the old bridge is an undertaking that is full of perils, as the original footpaths have been removed, and it is a case of walking on the *chaussée* and offering yourself as a ready victim for the blood-thirsty taxi-drivers.

BUT it is the regulation ordering pedestrians to use the footbridge that makes the old bridge such an attraction. The magistrate could only let the hundred citizens off with a caution. But what is the good of a caution? There would have been a much more effective result if he had issued an invitation to use the old bridge freely, without let or hindrance. Then they would have wanted to use it no more. RENÉ.

BYSTANDER BRIDGE

DOUBLE MUDDLE

By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

QUERIES about the Informatory Doubles reach me constantly. It is apparent that a frightful state of muddle exists, and that players tie themselves up into fearsome knots over this. Here is a case. Score: Game all. Z deals and bids "One No Trump," holding—S.—9, 7, 3. H.—A, K, Q. D.—A, J, 6, 2. C.—K, 8, 5. A and Y, "No bid"; B, "Double"; Z, "Redouble"; A, "No bid"; Y holding: S.—6, 5, 2. H.—7, 4, 3. D.—5, 4, 3. C.—J, 10, 6, 4, bids "Two Clubs"; B, "Two Diamonds"; Z, "Two No Trumps," A, "Double." All pass.

Z lost 300 points. He made two tricks in Diamonds and three in Hearts, and nothing else.

I am asked to express my opinion on the bidding. The first query is: (1) Ought A to have said "No bid" after the redouble? Two entirely opposite views of A's responsibility were taken. One was that as B would have another call, A could do exactly as he liked, and should not call unless he had something substantial to show. He should leave it to B to deal with the situation. The other view is that the redouble, if anything, increased A's obligation to call, and that he could only pass if he had good enough cards to convince him that Z would not get his contract in the redoubled "One No-Trump."

(2) Ought Y to have taken out the redouble in Two Clubs on his hand? Z, I am told, thought that as Y had passed on the first round his bid of "Two Clubs" was not a denial or a S.O.S., but was a proper bid showing strength in Clubs.

(3) When B called "Two Diamonds" ought Z to have called "Two No Trumps"?

. . . . . .

Now, without judging by results, I think the answers are quite plain. First of all, when Z redoubled it was *he* who was sending up the S.O.S. signal. His redouble said: "Partner, you must take me out of this No Trumper because I cannot stand it." But he need not have redoubled at all as his partner had still a chance of calling.

Having, however, redoubled, A had no obligation at all to speak. With good cards he could safely leave in the redouble knowing that Y must do something, and that his partner B would have another chance.

After A's correct silence Y was bound to say something, and, miserable as his hand was, he was right to bid Two Clubs.

But Z should not have misunderstood the bid nor read it as anything but a dire confession of weakness.

B's bid of "Two Diamonds" left Z on clover. He had only to sit quiet with the almost certain saving of the game. His bid of "Two No Trumps" was very bad indeed, and he deserved the punishment.

The chief blame for the whole muddle is on Z, who had no right to misinterpret Y's bid, and who should in any case have been content to leave in the Two Diamonds bid.

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D.W.37C

WILL GREIG ATTAIN 350 MILES?

To have travelled 319 miles an hour is surely fast enough for any man, yet it was insufficient to secure for Great Britain the coveted world's record. Perhaps by the time these Notes appear Flight-Lieut. Greig will have achieved that extra five miles an hour which is required to beat officially Major Bernhardi, the Italian holder. The control of aircraft at speeds up to 350 miles an hour has been proved quite possible, but speed alone does not justify these elaborate and costly experiments; they are sanctioned by the Air Council only because invaluable data are obtained on streamlining, wing sections, propeller and engine performance which could not be secured in any other way. Flight-Lieut. Kinkead, who died in the Solent at the beginning of the year while engaged on this work, was defeated by a caprice of Nature when, the sea and sky, merging, became indistinguishable one from the other, and he touched the water too soon. The Schneider Trophy Meeting will be held probably over the Solent at any time after the middle of August, the exact date to be decided later when all competing nations are ready. Hundreds of thousands will see a wonderful example of man's triumph over natural forces; and whilst many will sigh for the return of the pony-trap, others will think only of the day when they, too, can travel at six miles a minute. The modern light 'plane for the private owner is much faster than the average machine of pre-War vintage, and there is no reason to believe that we have reached the limit of speed with safety for this class. The elders and the timid who prefer to jog at a modest 100 will still be able to do so, but the young bloods will talk of touching 200, and yet be far safer than they are on the roads at 60 to-day.

THE FASTEST AIRMAN *P. and A.*

Flight-Lieutenant D'Arcy Greig with the Supermarine Napier S5 in which he put up such a wonderful performance at Calshot. His average speed on the level was 319·57 miles per hour, or 0·95 mile per hour faster than the existing record, while in a dive he flew at 350 miles per hour

'Planes Park Here

The Government has tackled at last a problem left to private enterprise ever since civil flying started. It has urged local authorities to provide as soon as possible harbours for aeroplanes, where safe landings can be made and fuel and shelter obtained. Private owners have been patted on the back and told they are a national asset, yet as soon as they venture away from their aerodrome and land in a good-looking field for a picnic lunch they are presented with a summons for trespass. People have started writing to *The Times* about air-hogs and the rights of third parties, whereas they could protect their own property far more effectively through the local Press by urging the Town Council to license a site and mark it "'Plane Park Here."

Signposts of the Sky

Think of the new pilot who loses his way; miles and miles of country with every sign of life, but not a landmark to be seen. He cannot stay up there for ever, and after skirmishing among the tree-tops in a vain attempt to read a signpost, he probably lands in some miserable field full of long grass which breaks his propeller. It is not too much to expect every town to bear a label, clearly visible from the air. Huge letters, whether painted on a roof or cut into the turf, have the advantage of not spoiling the view for those on *terra firma*. "Canterbury" could be mentioned on the roof of its own Cathedral without becoming a "sight," although, naturally, such vandalism is not suggested seriously.

A Guards' Club

What the Brigade of Guards does in its spare time is quite a private affair, but the formation of the Household Brigade Flying Club may set an example to many who have considered hitherto that flying is rather eccentric and one of the things "not done." Members of the Brigade stationed at Canterbury or at the Small Arms School can get instruction with the Cinque Ports Club, two of them having already taken their licences there. The nucleus of the club proper exists at Brooklands, though it is not decided whether this is to be permanent H.Q.

Club for Cambridge

Members of the Suffolk Club living in the Cambridge district are forming a branch there which will have the services of a machine and instructor on Mondays and Thursdays, an excellent aerodrome having been found on the Cambridge-Huntingdon road. Portholme Meadow, quite near Huntingdon itself, is the largest natural field in England, but quite useless at present as a permanent aerodrome, owing to floods in winter. How attractive it appears from the air as a forced-landing ground, but, like many other fields near water, its colour and smooth surface are a trap for the unwary. It is better to land on stubble or stony ground than on a field which looks too green.

Air Society

The Infante Don Alphonso of Spain, who holds a high executive command in the Spanish Air Force, has been flying between London and Paris on the normal everyday British machines. He takes more than an ordinary interest in the technical side of aviation, and, being well acquainted with the safety and reliability of British machines, he favours the introduction of our standards in Spain.

Lady Maude Hoare was piloted by Captain De Havilland on a trial flight of the new *coupé*-type Gipsy Moth. She got into the machine in normal clothes and a hat, just as one would enter a car, and found equivalent comfort and almost as little noise.

Señorita de Alvarez, the lawn tennis player, took her first flying lesson at Stag Lane on a Gipsy Moth. She should be an easy pupil, and intends to become a private owner.

C. E. Ward.

(To be read aloud slowly and deliberately)

READING WITHOUT TEARS

The Worthington English Primer

Gentle-man

Walk

Worth-ing-ton

"The Gent-le-man in the pic-ture is ve-ry thirs-ty."

"Why is the Gent-le-man ve-ry thirs-ty?"

"Be-cause he has walk-ed a long, long way."

"Here is an Inn. Will the gent-le-man go in-side and have a Worth-ing-ton?"

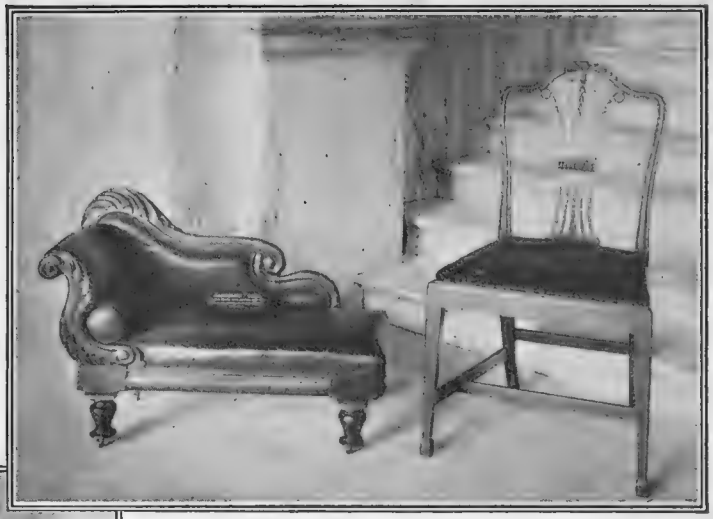
"You bet he will. What a fool-ish ques-tion."

Mary Bulmer

Aged 3

By MRS. M. VINCE

UNTIL a few months ago Mary Bulmer was unknown to the general public. Even now the facts which we have about her are very few. We know that she was born in 1848, for it is recorded that in 1851 she was three years old. We know that she married, for she had daughters. We know her married name.



MARY'S SOFA COMPARED WITH AN ORDINARY CHAIR

THE ROCKING CHAIR MADE FOR MARY BULMER

AND that is all—except for the most important event in her life. I call it the most important, for without it we—the general public—would never have heard of her at all. This event was that, when she was three years old, a small rocking-chair and a small sofa were made for her.

IF you go up the first flight of stairs on the left, inside the main entrance to the Victoria and Albert Museum, you come at once to a little group of furniture belonging to the first half of the nineteenth century. In the middle are a terrestrial globe, a celestial globe, and a *papier-mâché* chess-table, with squares of japanned wood and mother-of-pearl; and among the tables and chairs which surround them are Mary Bulmer's sofa and rocking-chair. They were presented to the Museum last year. The labels on them contain the facts about her which I have given. They are her only biography.

THE sofa and rocking-chair are two such sturdy little pieces of furniture. The sofa is just thirty inches long and twelve inches wide. It stands just ten inches from the floor. Its wood is mahogany. It is covered with black horse-hair. It has a tiny horse-hair bolster. It must have been very uncomfortable to sit on, and very easy to slip off.

I SHOULD like to think of Mary Bulmer sitting on it while she worked a sampler, but she was born just when samplers were going out. It may well be that she never worked a sampler. And yet there is one in the Victoria and Albert Museum which seems exactly to suit the worldly state of a young lady who, at the age of three, had her own sofa as well as her own rocking-chair. The verse in the middle of it runs:—

May Plenty dissipate
all worldly Cares,
And smiling Peace bless
my revolving Years.

WHILE I was looking at the sofa one of the Museum attendants came up, and out of his own experience of parenthood discussed Mary Bulmer. He felt certain that she was a first child. Only a first child, he argued, would be treated with such lavish fondness. He saw her, too, as a child unusually careful and sedate for three years old. For there was no bar to the rocking-chair. His own offspring, so he told me, could not be trusted in a rocking-chair without such a protection. These are shrewd and fascinating conjectures, but they are, after all, only conjectures. We must not attach much weight to them. Nor must we allow ourselves—tempting though it may be—to indulge in merely idle and fanciful speculations. Otherwise I could not resist the idea that Mary Bulmer, who sat on that tiny sofa, was in some way connected with that little girl in Mr. de la Mare's poem, who "knew a little cupboard with a teeny, tiny key." But these fancies have no historical value. All that we know of Mary Bulmer are the facts which I have given.

SHE was three. She had begun to walk and talk. She was just that age, in fact, at which, to all fathers and mothers, their children show the first unmistakable signs of that genius which will make them great and famous. The rest of her life does not matter. She will never be more than three. She will remain the little girl who slipped on and off that little horse-hair sofa, and who rocked herself in that rocking-chair so wisely and sedately that she did not even need a bar to keep her from falling out.

M. V.

"THE WIND"

ONCE more we see Lilian Gish in the *rôle* of persecuted maidenhood. We find her in the wild prairie land alone, a delicate flower amongst a tribe of people as remotely far removed from her as the stars. Her great fear is the wind or cyclone which sweeps over the village at intervals, creating absolute havoc, and striking terror in her heart. Forced into marrying one of the rough men of the township for whom she has no real affection by the woman who looks after her, she is taken to live in a lonely shack miles from any human habitation, and once more becomes a prey to her ever-increasing terror. How she refuses another man's offer to take her away from this windswept country to the peace and sunshine of Virginia, and eventually overcomes her horror of the cyclones by falling in love with her husband, a decent man through and through, fills the remaining part of a rather dull and long drawn out story. The scenic effects in this film are excellent, however. The gathering of the clouds which denotes the approaching cyclone, and the white phantom horse which appears in them to the mind of the overwrought girl when the storm is at its height, are quite masterpieces in film production.

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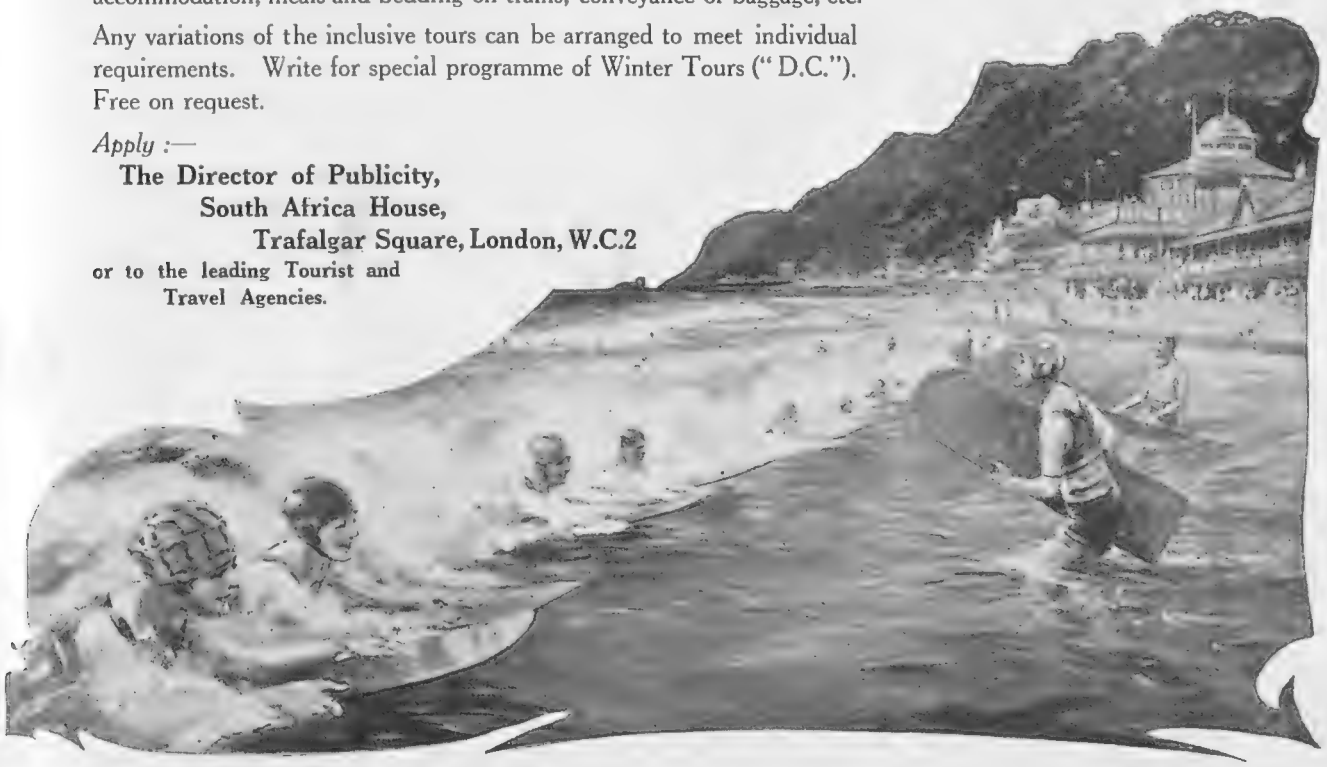

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YARDLEY'S LAVENDER

The Eternal Subject—

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *Nov.* 12.

DEAR COUSIN,

ONLY one eternal subject that always interests everyone apparently, isn't there? And seems the great Man *v.* Woman contest is raging as furiously as ever, spite of how modern we've got and equality of sexes and all that sort of thing. All sorts of kind words flying about on both sides, if you can call 'em sides—and yes, am afraid so-called sex war hasn't *altogether* ended or even reached Armistice point, all our highly enlightened age notwithstanding and nevertheless.

THERE'S a belted Earl, *e.g.*, for one, he of Malmesbury to wit, telling us sadly and with bitter melancholy, and in the best prehistoric manner how terribly, awfully rare it is these days to meet "a really womanly woman." Which was doubtless quite frequently dear old Noah's remark in the Ark on those long wet evenings, as he sat around in the saloon with Mrs. N. and children (who didn't dare contradict him). And recalled how different everything was in the good old days of Adam, when women wore their hair modestly down to their ankles and just cut a few nice big branches from the nearest tree when they wanted a new frock, instead of worrying their hard-working husbands to death with dressmakers' bills.

ALL these excessively modern women (says he) are so unsympathetic and hard—hard mouths (fiercely painted), hard thoughts, hard words, and even hard-looking clothes instead of the "billowy folds" of but a mere quarter of a century ago. Yes, and the modern girl's so self-opinionated and brusque, and utterly downs the man of the period—which apparently's why "the younger generation" and the "working classes" are so selfish and undisciplined, and won't go in for domestic service (can any of Lord M.'s housemaids have dared to give him notice, I wonder?). But the really utterly and entirely fatal thing apparently is that women should run things as they're doing because—oh, well, just because it's obviously all wrong and men are the divinely appointed rulers, or words to that effect. Though I must say some of 'em *do* show a bit of originality in their lives, what with curates who write fox-trot lyrics, and so on and so forth.

"Hard-looking clothes instead of the 'billowy folds'"

"Get a sort of charity allowance"

WHEREAS and contrariwise, according to a woman of some note, women not only aren't on top yet at all, or anywhere near it, but positively still living under the feudal system, when they were just goods and chattels and things. Actually in a state of serfdom they are, says she—which is Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, a name not unknown, am told, in far, far distant days of suffragettes and brick bats and hitting Cab. Ministers on the head with their own niblicks (at least they would have if they could). Especially the married ones, who have to work without wages and only get a sort of charity allowance at their Imperial Sultan's lordly will. Which *sounds* all right, am sure, and of course I'm all for women getting all they can make and making all they can get. Only what about the ones who do about five bobs' worth of work a week for a £5 allowance and lose more than that at bridge, and get twenty-guinea-fur-coat bonuses thrown in from time to time too? Not to mention the permanence of the job—almost as hard to sack a wife as a parson, isn't it, which is saying some. No, not at all sure the anti-harem fifty-fifty trade-union-

rate idea's going to be so terribly popular after all. All very odd and puzzling, isn't it?

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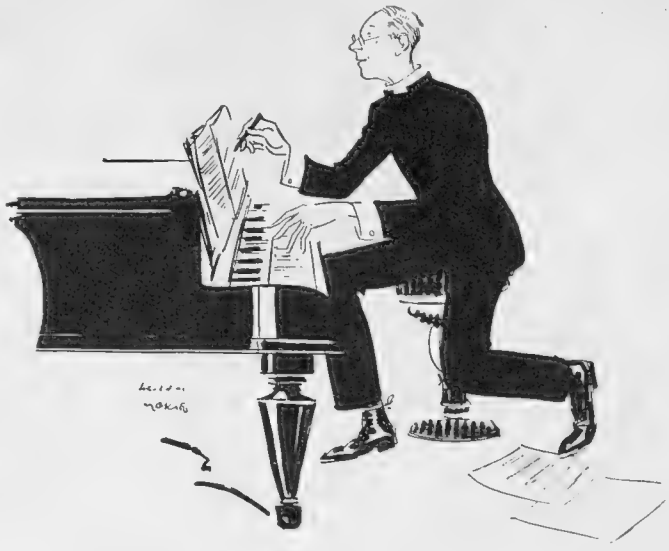
Talking of women's weaknesses, got a simply lovely suite of boudoirs and things for powdering, etc., at the new Empire Cinema in Leicester Square, you know, that they opened last Thursday as ever was. Used to be one of the truly masculine haunts in the long ago, it's whispered, and not too terribly proper at that; but now all nicely done up and freshly upholstered for the movies, and complete with tea and lunch rooms and lounge, and all for a max. of three bob or so a time, I give you my word. And saw a perfectly sweet picture there the first night, which I believe's to run all this week—dear old Sir Arthur Pinero's celebrated play, *Trelawny of the Wells,* that they keep reviving, only done into film shape, and quite nicely, too, mark my word.



"Curates who write fox-trot lyrics"

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After which pleasant evening went on to a night club for a bit of supper. And one of those night clubs, of course, where they aren't in any immediate danger of raids—such a lot of 'em seem to be in a perfect panic just now, in case a whole squad of white-waistcoated detectives in not too obviously big boots'll suddenly drain their magnums to the last drop and rise up in a large body and ask for names and addresses and all that sort of rather embarrassing thing. Anyway, if one's name appears it cheers up one's friends.

卐

Though, you know, there's a slight atmosphere of sniffing about the police, so to speak, here in London, I'm afraid, and even putting it in plays they are. As *par exemple,* in that somewhat luridly named new piece, *To What Red Hell,* at Wyndham's. Wherein one young man as near as anything gets it put across him (officially) for doing a young girl in that another young man had really put away, and it's all as exciting as anything. Which reminds me of slightly surprising happenings in or at 77, *Park Lane,* the new St. Martin's play, which starts, I think, in just about the most rapturously after-dinner manner yet seen—dear Mr. Hugh Wakefield accompanied by Miss Marion Lorne, who is also quite a sweet thing—and anyway, with these two you never even begin to wonder if the price of your stall was really worth it. With love, yours ever,

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HUNTING NOTES

By A. W. COATEN

Offenders in the Field

At the start of the new season the Duke of Beaufort has thought it advisable to impress a few home truths on the followers of his pack. No doubt cynics will say that the same things have been said many times before. But what has to be borne in mind is the fact that new blood is coming into hunting every year, and it is as well that the novices should be reminded authoritatively of the way they must go. Not that the novices are invariably the offenders. I am afraid some of the older hands are occasionally guilty of transgressions in the field, such as the unnecessary jumping of fences and galloping from covert to covert when hounds are on their way to draw. As a rule the attention of the M.F.H. or his Field Master is too much occupied to observe all these delinquencies, but those who indulge in them should remember that they are doing no good to the interests of fox-hunting.

Sending Hounds Home

I recall that the late Duke of Beaufort was such a disciplinarian that he ordered hounds back to Kennels early one afternoon because some hot-headed members of the field would persist in over-riding them. The present Master of the Badminton does right to insist on the fact that many hunting people do not exercise the authority they should do over their second horsemen. Few things annoy the average farmer more than to see these men, quite regardless of damage, jumping fences and galloping over their land. The Duke says that all second horsemen must keep to the roads and lanes as much as possible, and they must shut all gates. People who bring out second horses should not neglect to pass along these instructions in the firmest manner.

Fog and Gloom

It was hard luck on the big field which met the Quorn at the traditional opening fixture at Kirby Gate last week that hounds had to remain in idleness after Wilson had brought them to the meet. It was generally agreed that the pack looked in grand condition. The fog fiend prevented them from showing their mettle on this particular occasion, and the foxes in the neighbouring coverts enjoyed a fortunate respite. Riders returned home without a gallop, and the multitude of foot followers were denied the glimpse of sport which they usually get on the Quorn's opening day. Other packs in the Shires were much more fortunate. The Pytchley, for example, found conditions favourable enough after meeting at Brixworth. The Duke of York was among those who took part in some brisk hunting, and for the first day of the season it was voted a distinct success. The Duke and Duchess have taken Major Renton's house, Naseby Hall, and His Royal Highness, who goes well to hounds, is looking forward to an enjoyable winter with the White Collars.

ON THE BORDER *Ian Smith*

Lady Alice Scott waiting for hounds to move off. The photograph was taken at the opening meet of the Buccleuch at Lord and Lady Dalkeith's seat, Eildon Hall, St Boswells

Hard Lines

Sympathy will go out to both of the M.F.H.s who, by wretched bad luck, find themselves laid aside for the

AT PERSHORE LODGE *Alfieri*

An attractive scene photographed at the opening meet of the Croome Hunt at Pershore Lodge, Croome Park. The Croome country lies in Worcestershire, Warwickshire and Gloucestershire, and Lt.-Col. W. H. Wiggin and Major W. H. Taylor are Joint-Masters of this famous pack

time being on account of accidents on the opening day of the regular season. Mr. Ernest Heatley had a bad fall on the road at the close of the first day with the Essex

Topical

JOINT-MASTERS

Mr. W. Filmer-Sankey and Mrs. Owen Taylor at the opening meet of the South Notts at East Bridgford Manor. They are the Joint-Masters of the Hunt

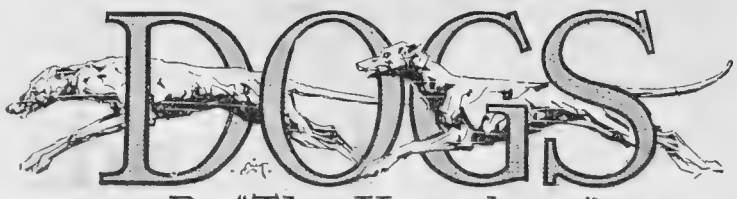
Alfieri

WITH THE LEDBURY

Lady Lettice Lygon and Lady Sibell Lygon photographed with Bob Champion, the Huntsman of the Ledbury. This was at the recent meet of the Ledbury at Forthampton Court

Union, and is now nursing a fractured leg. By an unhappy coincidence a similar mishap befell Colonel F. G. Barker, the Joint-Master of the Garth. While he was on his way to the opening meet at Haines Hill his horse slipped up, and the rider broke a leg. One of the most lamentable features of the opening week was the news that foot-and-mouth disease had broken out rather badly in Devon and Dorset. This means that hunting has been stopped in several countries pending the relaxation of the Ministry of Agriculture's stringent restrictions on the movement of hounds. The Cattistock and the Dartmoor countries are among the unfortunate packs who are affected by the stand-still order. A real piece of bad luck at the start of the season.

A. W. C.



By "The Kennelman"

THOSE sterling animal lovers and keen fanciers, the Metropolitan Police, hold their Annual Open Dog Show at the Kentish Town Baths to-day, Wednesday. To-morrow brings the Show of Wire-haired Fox Terriers at the Drill Hall, Handel Street, Bloomsbury. Correspondents asking for dates of future shows please note that all such information, with detail, may be obtained from the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, or from the Free Information Bureau, 40, St. Mary Axe, E.C.3.

A bit of a snob, perhaps, in his liking for the society of aristocrats (canine), The Kennelman has no parlour tricks, and professes no inside knowledge of fashionable functions; but December 6 will bring one such affair in which he really is interested, and would like to interest everyone else who cares for Dogs, and the other tribes of animal friends. This is called the Christmas Market; and its venue—rather handier than Smithfield or Islington—is the May Fair Hotel. It opens on Thursday, December 6, and will remain open on the following day. It's going to be a really fascinating affair, this Christmas Market (to be opened by the Marchioness of Carisbrooke), and because it is organised on behalf of the P.D.S.A. (People's Dispensaries for the Sick Animals of the Poor), the keenest workers for it include a host of such well-known people as the Viscountess Curzon, Lady Ribblesdale, the Lady Margaret Sackville, the Countess of Essex, Lady Sybil Smith, the Ladies Newborough, Tenterden, Ernest St. Maur, Chalmers, Bowden, and many others. At this time of day there's no need to comment on the practical value of the work being carried on year in and year out by the P.D.S.A. Their dispensaries are light-radiating features of most crowded centres of population now; and the work they do in the way of providing free treatment and advice for all ailing creatures who would otherwise go unhelped is simply beyond praise. It is the real thing, without a spot of mawkishness about it. Look into it for yourself (headquarters: 14, Clifford Street, W.1), and you will want to lend a hand. It means a great deal for Dogs and other animals, so please book the Christmas Market (December 6) as a *must* engagement.

"Your Somerset reader who writes of people in the country who love the companionship of well-bred Dogs, but can't afford to buy them, is well within the mark," writes a Herts correspondent. "There are other opportunities besides puppy-walking for the local hunt. Local owners of pedigree Dogs who are going abroad for long trips are often glad to find the right kind of temporary home for canine members of the family; and so, be it said, are local breeders of pedigree stock. Some youngsters will thrive better in a private home, away from kennels; and some buyers of a new-weaned pup at, say, three months, are very glad of an opportunity of leaving it in a nearby home for three or four months to be house-trained. So we have found, at least, in collaboration with two nearby breeders; and as any Dog we have anything to do with lives with us, in the house, house-training represents no trouble for us, though buyers cheerfully pay us ten shillings a week for it, which leaves an agreeable little measure of profit for us in the indulgence of our chosen hobby. Any payment made by the actual breeder (not buyers) for such care of an individual Dog is on a basis of a shilling, or at most two, per week over and above actual expenditure incurred. One can't feed a young Deerhound at the same cost as a Pekingese, as we know, having at the moment two of each. We think it a very jolly way of enjoying the company of well-bred Dogs which we couldn't afford to buy."

What a tease! The mat, *your* shoes, then the cat—not the slightest respect for life or property! But you love him; he's the kiddies' playmate, too, and *must* be kept clean and healthy. No vermin, no skin troubles and *always* a credit to the family if you wash him periodically in

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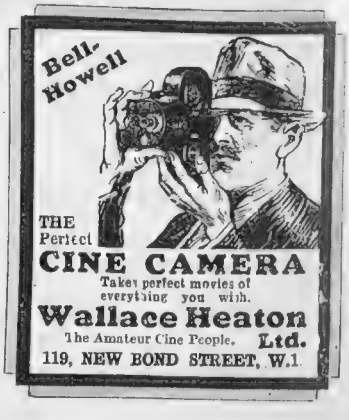

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But remember—while the same quality pure wool is used to-day for making Wolsey Underwear as was used a hundred years ago—yet to-day's Wolsey garments are infinitely daintier and more stylish than they were in your grandmother's days.

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If you prefer garments in artificial silk, ask to see WOLSEY-Lustral Lingerie and Hosiery. It is a sheer delight. Obtainable from all good Drapers and Outfitters.

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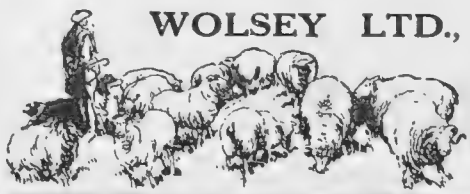

C.F.H. 54

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On the dressing table - Powder in the straw-coloured box, bearing the familiar Basket of Flowers, or "au matin" in the *boîte de luxe;* in the handbag - Compact Powders in their charmingly modern case.
Fineness, adhesiveness, a wide range of shades are all found in Houbigant Powders, but the qualities above all others which command admiration and attract new devotees every day are the unvarying delicacy and fidelity to nature of their tints. Moreover, there is the alluring subtlety of their perfumes which impart a delicious fragrance to the skin.

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BY HAROLD EARNSHAW

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De Reszke—of course!

The right cigarette in the right company

DE RESZKE

with the 'Ivory' tip

Ask for De Reszke Virginias—10 for 6d.; 20 for 1/-

PUBLICITY AND PROPAGANDA

By RALPH STRAUS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

MR. RALPH STRAUS *Raphael*

ALMOST every day throughout the year neat parcels of new books are delivered at my flat. Gifts—mostly from publishers, who, contrary to general belief, are friendly, and even generous, souls. Eighty per cent. of these books are novels, and eighty per cent. of these novels are either mediocre or definitely bad. I ignore them. Whereupon one of two things happens: (*a*) nothing, (*b*) something. (*b*) can be amusing, as, for instance, the letter which I once received from a man who had written a book, had had it published—presumably at his own expense—and now wished to know my charges for a half-column and/or a column review. (Foolishly, I showed my reply to the Editor before posting it off. He considered that my demand for fifty guineas a column was excessive, and exercised his powers of veto.) Generally, however, in the case of (*b*), it is a letter from the author asking for a review—any sort of review. "I don't mind," this letter will run, "how badly you speak of my book so long as you say something about it."

❋

I WONDER? Suppose I were to write down exactly what I thought about one of these lifeless, dull-as-ditch-water novels which are published in their thousands every year. You know the kind I mean. Wooden people in one of the good old "situations" and talking hard (in long and grammatical sentences) as nobody in his senses ever talked—outside the pages of a novel. The author would feel grossly insulted. That, I admit, would not matter very much, but what of my readers? Or should they, perhaps, be warned? Ought there to be a weekly list of "Books *not* to be asked for at the libraries"? There might be some fun in working out a scheme of that kind, though nowadays you have to be careful. Quite a number of people would probably think that the "listed" books were deliciously, or even deliriously, naughty, and promptly set about getting them. Publicity, you see, pays: even the weirdest sort of publicity. I do believe that if Arnold Bennett were to write of a particular novel, "This is easily the worst novel I have ever read in my life," it would enjoy a considerable sale. (Which reminds me that one or two people "collect" the world's worst books. Harry Graham, I believe, has more than fifty priceless specimens, uniformly and richly bound.) For myself, however, I prefer to write here about only such books as have any real merit.

❋

SO much for parcels and publicity; now for the peculiar book that seems at the moment to be causing most chatter in what are known as literary circles. I refer to Virginia Woolf's *Orlando: A Biography* (Hogarth Press: 9*s.*). Well, biography is certainly in the fashion just now, and the less it resembles the full-dress, birth-on-to-death, solemnly portentous affair that it used to be the better. Mrs. Woolf's book, however, goes a considerable way beyond even the most adventurous sort of modern biography: it is really a fantastic and ironical romance. But—Orlando? Ought one to have heard of the fellow? A Venetian doge? One of the Popes? No. Orlando is one of the immortals invented by Mrs. Woolf herself.

Books Worth Reading

ORLANDO: A BIOGRAPHY. VIRGINIA WOOLF. (*Hogarth Press*: 9*s.*)

ALCIBIADES. E. F. BENSON (*Benn*: 12*s.* 6*d.*)

TRAVELS IN HOPE: A BOOK OF WANDERING ESSAYS. JAMES MILNE. (*Hodder and Stoughton*: 12*s.* 6*d.*)

A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS FORD MADOX FORD. (*Duckworth*: 7*s.* 6*d.*)

❋

NOW I rarely remember to have seen so much praise showered on a book by critics of standing, but to me, I confess, this praise seems far too extravagant. Reading the book, I was never free from the suspicion that here was but another literary "trick." Undoubtedly it is an interesting experiment. Undoubtedly it has passages of singlar beauty and excellent wit, but the "trick" could have been better performed. The list of learned authorities whose help is acknowledged at the beginning may not be out of place in so whimsical a scheme, and little mistakes may perhaps be pardoned, but if we are invited, as we apparently are, to regard the changing backgrounds as in any way authentic, these mistakes cause constant irritation.

❋

NO matter: here is Orlando, who began life as a poetical young nobleman at Queen Elizabeth's Court, became a duke under Charles II, changed his sex without any particular trouble, and, so far as I can see, for no particular reason, in the days of Queen Anne, remained a Great Lady throughout Victorian times, married a gentleman about whose sex there was also some doubt, found a publisher for her poem after waiting only three hundred years, and is still apparently living in retirement somewhere in Kent.

❋

YOU see the idea? Jolly enough, and carried out in a venturesome, go-as-you-please way. But why take one back through the ages and give one glimpses that are not quite accurate? It would be a different matter were Orlando his (or her) own biographer. Why talk of the dome of St. Paul's a hundred years before it existed? Why call Mr. Pope famous in the days of Queen Anne? And why spoil what should have been a charming gallery of illustrations by inserting amongst a few excellent prints some very dull photographs which are about as "wrong" as they can be? I have called it a peculiar book, and so it is: very peculiar indeed. I can imagine some people being puzzled by its vagueness; others will merely be bored. It is very far from being the masterpiece that some enthusiasts have called it, but at the same time it has qualities not often to be found in a work of imagination.

❋

SO much for Orlando the fantastic, but there are other fantastics just now receiving biographical attention. There is that slightly Orlandoish but earlier nobleman called *Alcibiades* (Benn: 12*s.* 6*d.*), whose picturesque story is told by Mr. E. F. Benson in a charmingly outspoken way. Our grandmothers would not have approved of him—Alcibiades, I mean—and sometimes Mr. Benson does not approve of him, but he was the gayest of scamps, and in his own day, and, in spite of all his vices, men and gods loved him, and he had genius of a sort, and his story reads mightily well.

THERE is also poor Beardsley, reproductions of whose work are to be found these days even outside the rooms of Oxford undergraduates. The new book about him is *Aubrey Beardsley: The Man and His Work* (Lane: 15*s.*), by Haldane Macfall. Macfall died before he saw the English edition of his book. He would have compared it, as I do, unfavourably with the earlier American issue. There are far fewer illustrations, which in this case is a matter of importance. But the letterpress is piquant. Macfall never achieved a great success, although his *Wooings of Jezebel Pettifer*, an early novel, is keenly sought after by collectors to-day, but he could write, and he knew Beardsley, and on occasion attacked him. Incidentally, this memoir is one of the few books which has anything to tell you about that strange scallawag, Leonard Smithers, who published so many "top-shelf" books and could tell such excellent fibs.

MY BRIEF LIBRARY SELECTION

TRAVELS IN HOPE. A BOOK OF WANDERING ESSAYS. BY JAMES MILNE. (Hodder and Stoughton: 12*s.* 6*d.*)—A jolly collaboration between Mr. Milne, who can interest you in anything from a book or a plate of meat to the soul of a city, and Mr. Donald Maxwell, whose delicate work is always a joy to behold. Charming vignettes at home and abroad, including Piccadilly in the hands of iconoclastic workmen and the Pope granting an audience. An ideal present.

A LITTLE LESS THAN GODS. BY FORD MADOX FORD. (Duckworth: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—An adventurous yarn of the Hundred Days, with glimpses of Napoleon and Ney. Very fine pictures and many excitements. Not quite so startling a thing as the *Tietjens Saga*, and perhaps too complicated in its methods of narration, but a good and satisfying romance.

Sport and General

MR. M. H. BENSON

Better known as Mr. Douglas Stuart, of the famous firm of turf accountants. Mr. Benson in private life is a well-known owner of horses, and has recently purchased some fine yearlings. At one time he owned that redoubtable steeplechaser, Sergeant Murphy

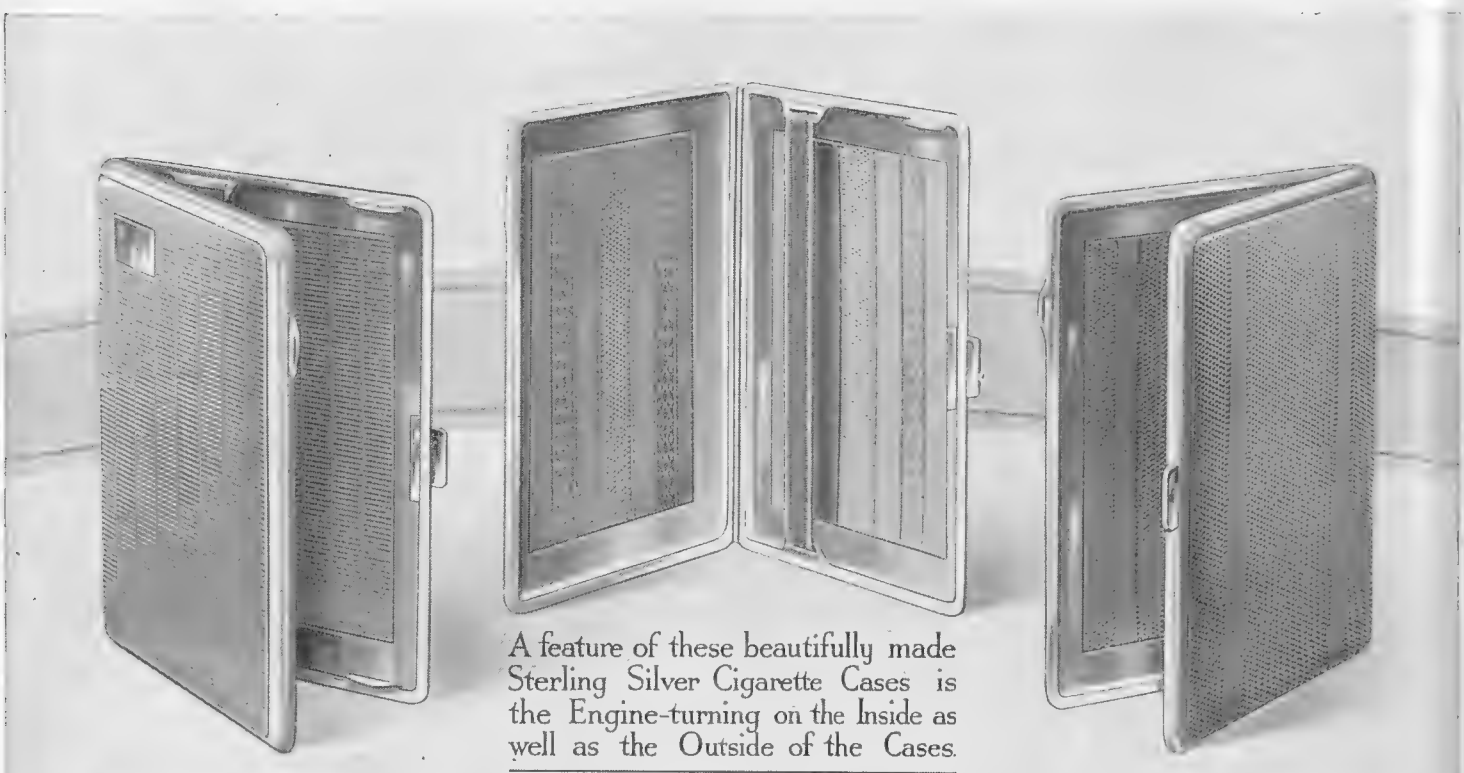
THE IMMORTAL MOTHER. BY VIOLET COLQUHOUN BELL. (Jarrolds: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Valentine Vyner is a charming creature, but her behaviour after her Reggie has shot himself strikes me as odd. Her career is adventurous, and Mrs. Bell knows how to tell a story, and the novel has many good points to commend it.

A HANDFUL OF DREAMS. BY E. HALL HAINS. (Palmer: 5*s.*)—Attractive and tuneful verses of a kind that the ordinary man will appreciate. Sometimes a little wistful, but sometimes, as in *A Man and his Boat*, vigorous and alert.

PILLORIED. BY SEWELL STOKES. (Richards: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Interviews with the great ones, but lacking all vision. Sometimes its impertinences are not funny at all. Shrewd things, and palpable hits, but serious errors of taste. Mr. Stokes does this sort of thing well enough, but is it worth doing?

WITH ALL FAULTS. BY LOUISE VALMER. (Mathews and Marot: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—Lacks the whimsical originality of the same author's *Old Brandy*, and never wildly exciting but contains droll passages, and on the whole not a bad entertainment.

HEART OF THE MOON. BY FRANCIS D. GRIERSON. (Alston Rivers: 7*s.* 6*d.*)—As an old hand at interplanetary exploration—in fiction—I find this romance distinctly disappointing. Moonfolk decidedly tame. Scientist abducted from earth becomes mixed up in lunar revolution. Well enough for the films, perhaps, but dull to read.



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SURF BOATING. YACHTING.
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THE World's fastest speed—319.57 m.p.h.—was achieved on Nov. 4th by Flight-Lieut. D. D'Arcy Greig, D.F.C., A.F.C., R.A.F., flying a British-built Supermarine-Napier seaplane fitted with Napier aero engine.

Never before has any human being travelled at such a high rate of speed.

This speed was achieved at Calshot, near Southampton, the timing being carried out by officials of the Royal Aero Club of Great Britain.

The engine which made it possible for Great Britain to achieve the fastest speed ever attained was the same as that fitted to the Supermarine seaplane which won the Schneider Trophy for Great Britain at Venice in September 1927, the—

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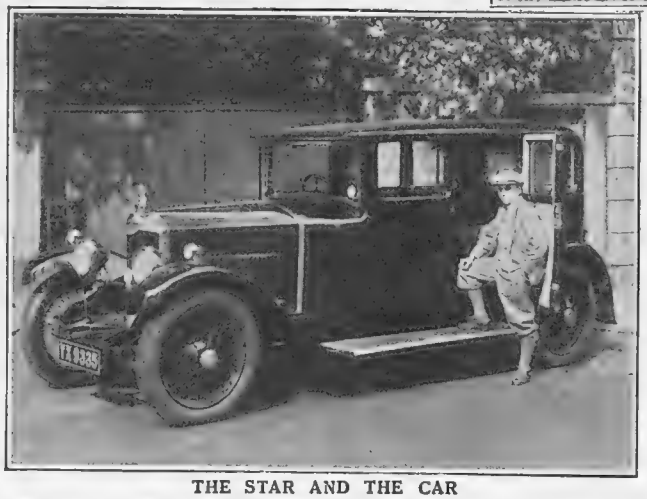
Motor Notes

By E. M. WRIGHT

SELDOM have I enjoyed a week of routine motoring so much as on a £140 car submitted to me for test recently. It is the new 1929 Singer Junior Sports Two-seater, a British production which at £140 is easily the cheapest model of its kind on the market. The body is of special boat-shape design, attractively painted green and grey. The hood is of the sports type that folds perfectly flat. Wire wheels painted green, and streamline mudguards are other features. At the back is a capacious boot, in which a spare wheel is stored, and which also carries a fair amount of luggage. The windscreen is a single-pane one. As regards the chassis, the engine is somewhat hotted up, special Newton hydro-pneumatic shock absorbers are fitted, and the gear ratios are higher than standard.

IN DARKEST AFRICA

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson photographed whilst making their film, "Simba," in the heart of Africa. The Willys-Knight cars which they used throughout gave splendid service under trying conditions

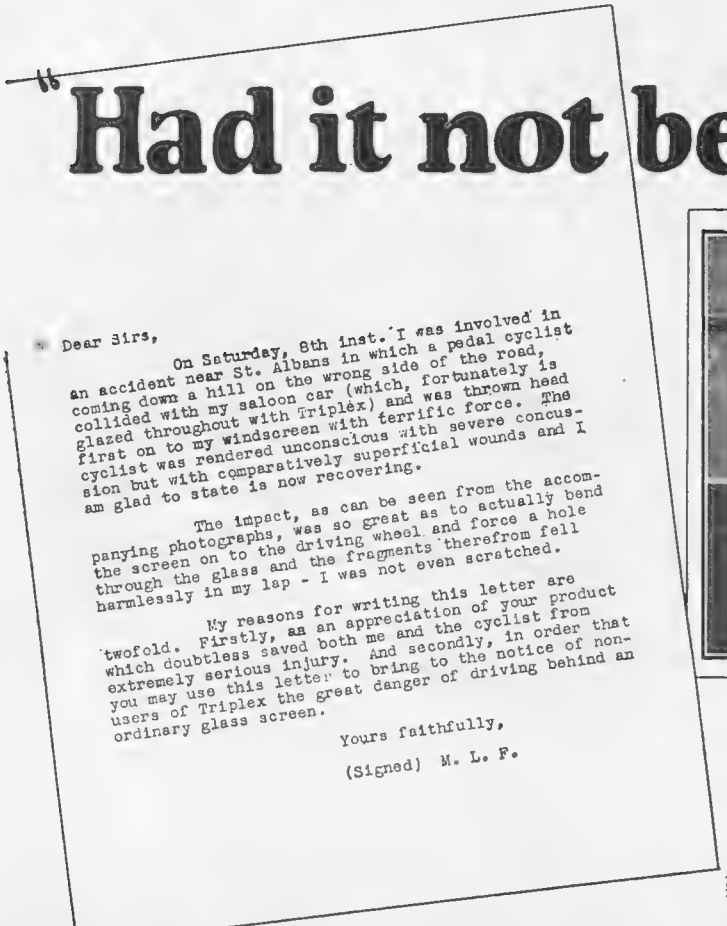


THE STAR AND THE CAR

Wee Georgie Wood, the diminutive and popular music-hall "star," seen with his new 15·7 Crossley Saloon. He recently purchased this car from Messrs. Shrimpton's Motors, Ltd., of Halkin Street, S.W.1

THERE is always more fun in getting an exceptional performance out of a small and cheap car, and I enjoyed the Singer from the moment I first sat in the driving seat and heard the boom of its exhaust, and felt the response of this lively little engine. The gear change is easy and quick, the steering perfect, the brakes reasonably good, and the springing fair. The road-holding is excellent, and the little car corners like the proverbial bird. It will do its 60 m.p.h., but it is not so much on performance that I imagine that this car will sell as on its good style, and the extraordinary value it offers. In this respect it is one of the most outstanding productions of the year. It will appeal

"Had it not been "TriplеX" ""



Dear Sirs,

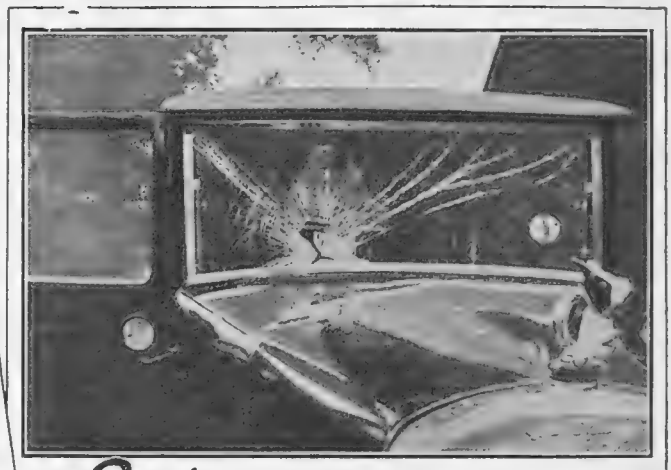
On Saturday, 8th inst. I was involved in an accident near St. Albans in which a pedal cyclist coming down a hill on the wrong side of the road, collided with my saloon car (which, fortunately is glazed throughout with Triplex) and was thrown head first on to my windscreen with terrific force. The cyclist was rendered unconscious with severe concussion but with comparatively superficial wounds and I am glad to state is now recovering.

The impact, as can be seen from the accompanying photographs, was so great as to actually bend the screen on to the driving wheel and force a hole through the glass and the fragments therefrom fell harmlessly in my lap - I was not even scratched.

My reasons for writing this letter are twofold. Firstly, as an appreciation of your product which doubtless saved both me and the cyclist from extremely serious injury. And secondly, in order that you may use this letter to bring to the notice of non-users of Triplex the great danger of driving behind an ordinary glass screen.

Yours faithfully,

(Signed) M. L. F.



Fit "TriplеX" Regd.

Shatter proof X Splinter proof

-and be safe!

Make sure it's TRIPLEX, look for the three X's in a circle; this Trade Mark is on all Genuine Triplex Glass.

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Finer Cars in every way than you can buy elsewhere for the same money. Better looking, roomier and more comfortable, with wonderful road holding qualities due to a low centre of gravity, and a performance that is amazing in a car of this price. In fact, the Hillman Fourteen is everywhere acknowledged

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THE CAR THAT COSTS LESS THAN IT SHOULD

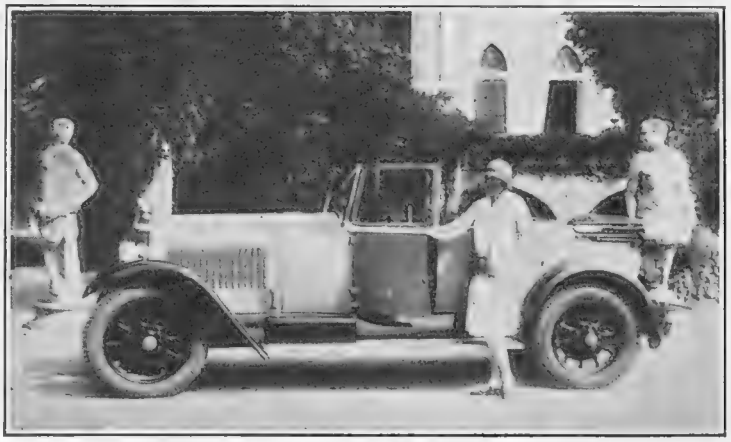
to the sporting youth, including the young things who make mixed doubles such a tough proposition for men these days! Everywhere it goes it attracts attention, and yet no one could say it was in the least vulgar. The sporting appearance is complete, even to the Brooklands type of strap that holds down the bonnet, instead of the usual clips.

**
*

And the exhaust note! It must have cost the Singer people a lot to produce such perfection at the price. Here is a perfectly true and serious story. One evening I had it outside a friend's flat in Town. Suddenly from our peaceful fireside, three floors up, we heard it being started! There could be no mistaking the note—it was my Singer. I jumped up and ran to the window, while another member of the party leapt down the stairs three at a time. By the time I got out on to the balcony the car was being driven off up the street, and I looked over ready to shout. It was a three-litre Bentley!

**
*

So much has been written of the cheapness of the cars at Olympia this time, that a short note on what is said to have been the most expensive model shown may be of interest by way of a change. Messrs. Arthur Mulliner, who for the last two years have carried off prizes at Olympia for their coachwork, this year entered a seven-seater enclosed limousine on the Rolls-Royce Phantom chassis, priced at £3,300 complete. I wonder, indeed, what a "Miss" of 1760, when this firm began business, would think if she were to come to life again and ride, say, to Court in this carriage de luxe of 1928, instead of in her heavily decorated, but withal uncomfortable and cumbersome, coach.



A VAUXHALL IN ITALY

Mrs. Thornton photographed with her Vauxhall 20-60 at the famous Villa d'Este, Lake Como. She and her husband, Lieut.-Col. T. H. Thornton, have recently completed a successful tour of the most mountainous and rugged roads in Central Europe

**
*

The exterior of this model was finished in dark blue with black cellulose lacquered wings. The outside bright parts, including the top of the bonnet, were silver-plated, while the inside metal fittings were gilt. Aluminium discs on the wheels completed the picture. The rear compartment—a model of luxury—was richly but tastefully upholstered in blue and gold tapestry, a similar colour scheme being used for the silken blinds and curtains. The occasional seats were unique, as they stretched the full width of the rear compartment, and were capable of seating three persons with ease. Needless to say, there was ample leg-room for those using both the occasional and the fixed seats. It would take pages merely to catalogue the interior fittings. The lovely burr walnut panels on the doors and on the back of the driver's seat I cannot, however, pass over.

**
*

Following the recent deplorable accident in which the occupants of a motor car were killed as the result of striking a hawser stretched across the roadway for the purpose of removing timber, representations have been made to the Ministry of Transport, with a view to preventing the recurrence of such accidents, to approach the county councils with the object of having by-laws passed making this practice illegal. E. M. W.

Another Doctor's Advice

and his own Experience

"About nine months ago I was suffering from lumbago, and muscular rheumatism in the shoulders, and could not stoop to tie my shoe lace. I had tried all the drugs in the Pharmacopœia, and then, as a last resort, began taking Kruschen Salts. Before long relief came, and gradually all signs of pain and stiffness left me. And now I can run a mile or jump a stile with any man of my age —71 years. I am a medical man, retired from practice, and I advise my friends and former patients to get Kruschen Salts."
—J. M. G., L.M., A.A.H., late R.A.M.C., and Medical Superintendent, Native Refugee Camps, S.A., 1902. 6th September, 1928.

Kruschen gently stimulates the organs of mination to healthy, regular action. It sists the liver and kidneys, and keeps the stem thoroughly free from waste matter. It nds new fresh blood coursing through the ins, carrying health and heartiness to the ole body.

Kruschen Salts

"It's the little daily dose that does it!"

very Chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., and 1s. 9d. bottles. A 1s. 9d. ttle lasts three months—a farthing ay for health and happin.ss. Start morrow.

Tasteless in Tea.

More Records!

At Brooklands on Oct. 8th and 23rd, Mr. Kaye Don broke the following International Class E Records, driving a
SUNBEAM.
100 Miles .. .. 115.95 m.p.h. 1 Hour .. .. 116.46 m.p.h.
200 Miles .. .. 104.66 m.p.h. 200 Kms. .. .. 104.66 m.p.h.
At Brooklands on Oct. 10th, Messrs. C. M. Harvey and G. A. Willday broke the following International Class E Records, driving a 1½ litre
ALVIS.
6 Hours .. .. 91.77 m.p.h. 500 Miles .. .. 91.02 m.p.h
1,000 Kilometres .. .. 91.06 m.p.h.
At Brooklands, on Oct. 13th, Mr. C. S. Staniland broke the following Class F Record, driving a 1½ litre
BUGATTI.
100 Miles .. .. 115.82 m.p.h.
At Montlhéry on Oct. 8th, Mr. W. D. Hawkes and Mrs. G. M. Stewart broke the following International Class G Record, driving 1,100 c.c.
VERNON-DERBY.
12 Hours .. .. 66.48 m.p.h.
All used standard grades of—

WAKEFIELD
Castrol Regd.
MOTOR OIL

—The Product of an All-British Firm.
C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO., LTD., Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2

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RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.
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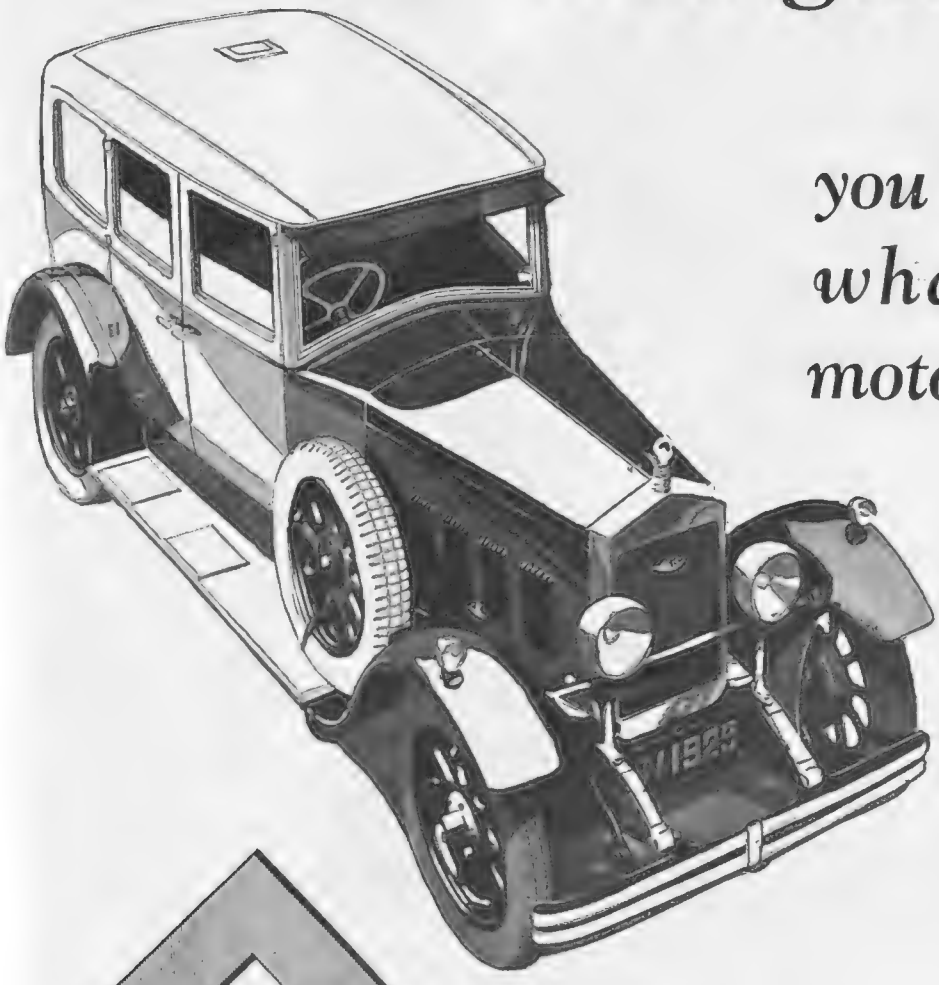
Plans of hotels and full particulars on application to the Secretary, Dept. R, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, W.C.1.

Until *you* own a "Straight Eight"



you don't know what modern motoring means

PRICE
£550

STRAIGHT EIGHT

The smooth and rapid acceleration on top gear from a walking pace to the speed of an express train! The absolute control in traffic! The phenomenal hill climbing! The wonderful braking! Until you own a "Straight Eight" you don't know what modern motoring means. And of all "Straight Eights" on the market there is none to compare in value with the Wolseley 21/60 h.p. "Straight Eight" at £550! This "Straight Eight" is not an experiment; it has been before the public for more than a year, and has thoroughly established soundness of design. In justice to yourself, take a trial run in this wonder car before committing yourself in any other direction.

WOLSELEY

Wolseley Motors (1927) Ltd. BIRMINGHAM: Drews Lane, Ward End. LONDON: Manor Street, Chelsea, S.W.

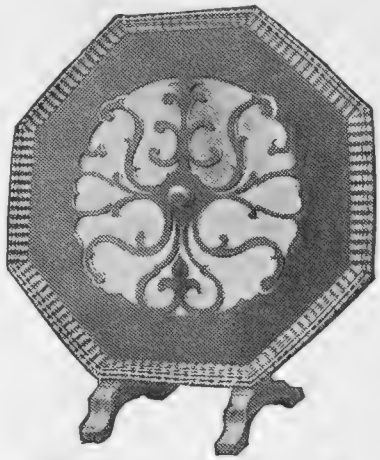
L.A. 86

RADIO NOTES

There is a bewildering amount of interest in the radio and allied world at the present time. Not only are this season's models numerous, varied, and of high performance, but we have coming to the fore such side lines as picture broadcasting and television. The former is an accomplished fact. Actual transmission of pictures takes place quite regularly from Vienna, and occasionally experimental transmissions have been given from the Daventry high-power station. For the reception of these pictures an ordinary wireless receiver is utilised, and impulses are received which are applied to the recording arrangement. A specially prepared piece of paper is placed on a revolving drum over which a pen travels, and whenever an impulse is received an electric current passes which gives rise to a chemical change in the paper. As a result a series of brown, half-tone, and white patches are obtained which blend themselves into a composite picture.

The apparatus itself is self-synchronising and merely requires to be connected to one's ordinary radio set in order to operate.

Television is rapidly approaching a practical state. I recently attended a private demonstration of Baird's apparatus, the transmission in this instance being over a wire. The results were a distinct advance on the earlier crude attempts, and both features and actions of the person at the transmitting end were quite clearly distinguishable. There is room for considerable improvement, many of the auxiliary factors, such as lighting and focusing, being very crude. These points could



THE M.P.A. DE LUXE PLAQUE LOUD-SPEAKER

be improved almost at once without any difficulty, and it seems a pity that steps have not already been taken to remedy the defects.

The B.B.C. have refused experimental facilities to Baird, and one cannot help feeling that this is a mistake. Had it been the publicity which they desired to avoid the tests could have been carried out in secret, but as there is no other organisation in this country capable of giving the facilities which Baird requires, their action in refusing to co-operate appears unjust.

I have referred to the developments in the purely wireless field. One firm, Messrs. M.P.A. Wireless, Ltd., have brought out a range of interesting apparatus. This includes loud-speakers of various types, ranging in price from 29*s.* 6*d.* to 15 guineas, the latter models being of the moving coil type, while a simple totally enclosed two-valve set at 12 guineas is bound to appeal to many. The De Luxe Plaque loud-speaker is an excellent model for a home, quality on this being pleasing and the sensitivity good. This model, which is illustrated herewith, sells at 47*s.* 6*d.*

The accumulator is still indispensable to many users of wireless. Despite the increase of mains driven apparatus, many sets still utilise accumulators for low-tension current, and in some cases the high-tension supply is obtained from small accumulator batteries in place of the usual dry battery, the advantage of the accumulator type being that it can be recharged instead of being discarded when it has run down. Messrs. C. A. Vandervell, of Acton, have recently reduced the prices of their well-known C.A.V. accumulators and they now offer an attractive range from which a ready choice can be made. An interesting catalogue describing the various types can be obtained on request.

J. H. R.

"will reproduce in all their pristine volume the strains of a full Orchestra, Organ, Choir, or a Single Voice"

The "Ethatrope" All-Electric Radio Gramophone is the musical wonder of the age, and far in advance of anything which has hitherto been achieved. At the touch of a switch it is either a first-class 5-valve radio receiver, or a valve-amplified, electrically-driven gramophone. Reproduction is through the celebrated M.P.A. Moving Coil Speaker. And, such reproduction! Flawless! Volume sufficient to reach the furthermost corner of the largest hall of any home in England! Yet . . . . *so beautifully clear and mellow!*

* *The time will come when no home will be considered complete without this wonderful instrument. It will be in the near future what the piano was in the days of our grandparents.*

M·P·A Ethatrope AS GOOD AS AN ORCHESTRA

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Streets

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For 1 to 24 hours! For 1 to 2000 miles!

Total 2033 miles in 24 hours, averaging 84.7354 miles per hour

Neither Auburn required any mechanical assistance whatever during the entire punishing run. Only stops were for water, petrol and oil—also tyre changes for safety. Carburettor was adjusted once. In fact, the cars needed no more attention than if they had merely been driven for a short spin. Astonishing endurance! Only a car as strong, as mechanically perfect, would have lasted the 24 hours. This remarkable test shows clearly what you can expect in long, trouble-free service from an Auburn.

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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Autumn tints are fashionable, and this Rhonia two-piece of leaf-brown velvet over a honey-coloured satin dress is most desirable

Cocktail Coatees

EVER since they first arrived upon the scene Bridge coats have been important, for some sort of wrap is essential when a thin dress is worn. It would seem that these coats are still very much in the ascendant, for this Season they are frequently far more elaborate than the gowns they accompany. Sequins—in metal or in colours, or gleaming opalescently—are regarded with great favour. Scales of gold or bronze are novel, with beaded edges and *motifs* to finish them and keep them supple; and rather large silver circles, perforated with tiny holes in formal patterns, are subtly attractive. Brocade in gorgeous hues, printed velvet, and embossed georgette all play their part, and fringe may be used to adorn them. A model in palest mauve georgette had circles and diamond-shaped pieces of *panne* in many contrasting shades *appliquéd* upon it and stitched with gold and silver; while another was of pink georgette embroidered with tiny beads and bugles in a Richelieu design.

A Firm Favourite

FASHION is very fickle, but when she does decide to smile upon a thing it is wonderful how many guises she permits it to adopt. Take, for instance, the *béret*. At first it was regarded with scant favour—except by motor cycling enthusiasts! But gradually it gained headway, and now it may be seen in every sort of place at every sort of hour. For sports it is at its best carried out in nap cloth, and its success depends entirely upon its cut and the perfection of its fitting. A small brooch in diamonds or enamel, depicting some appropriate emblem, is permissible. Chenille is a very effective medium, and it is obtainable in some particularly lovely shades. It offers, too, ample scope for intricate designs. For afternoon wear felt or velour are requisitioned, and the *béret* loses its simplicity of shape. Cleverly manipulated folds partially obscure the origin of the model, but the comfort remains.

Strenuous activity exacts a heavy toll unless care is bestowed upon the complexion. Helena Rubinstein has treatments and preparations which will make it flawless

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

The Art of Being Beautiful

THE strenuous life of social and physical activity which most women lead is inclined to have a distressing effect upon the complexion unless it receives adequate attention. Many women are now discovering that marks caused by too much exposure are marring their skin, spoiling its clearness, coarsening it, and inducing an unlovely crop of wrinkles. Those of them who are fortunate enough to know how to remedy such defects are flocking to Helena Rubinstein in her beautiful new *salons* at 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. The moment one crosses the threshold a sense of well-being envelops one, for everything is so perfectly appointed and the skilful lighting is restful and effective. It is an acknowledged fact that quite as important as the remedies themselves is the way in which they are applied, and facial lessons at 10*s.* 6*d.* each are, therefore, exceedingly popular, as is a special treatment destined to banish the weather-beaten appearance previously referred to. This costs a guinea, including a lesson. Helena Rubinstein's Pasteurised Cream suits every type of skin, cleansing, nourishing, and invigorating it; and it is not expensive, as a really large jar is now available for 5*s.* Then there is the Valaze Blackhead and Open Pore Paste, which costs from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* 6*d.* Expert advice is to be obtained in these *salons* on the question of make-up, and wonderful results are achieved.

Here are two Celes shirts which are absolutely irreproachable: The cut is excellent and they are both smart and original

Splendidly Tailored Shirts

A GOOD English tailor may safely be left to deal with any suit, and no qualms need be felt about its correctness. But the jumper that accompanies it is a much more difficult problem to solve. It can so easily ruin the whole effect, and it sometimes seems so difficult to find just the one that would be absolutely perfect—that is, if one has not made the acquaintance of Celes shirts. These may be obtained practically everywhere, and they are made in a very wide range of excellent styles, two of which are shown on the left. One is tucked and bound with a contrasting colour, and the other has coloured stripes most effectively placed. They will wash admirably, and are guaranteed unfadable.

An Irreproachable Ensemble

THE reason for the continued success of the *ensemble* is not far to seek. More than anything else it confers upon its wearer a sense of being well dressed. Nobody understands this better than Rhonia, 191, Regent Street, who is responsible for the two-piece suit sketched at the head of the previous page. The flared coat is of leaf-brown velvet trimmed with dyed fur. The collar is finished with a head which forms a point in the centre of the back, a second head appears at the waist, and a third on the hem. It is further embellished by rows of stitching, which give a quilted effect. The dress is of pale honey-coloured satin, with an *appliquéd* hem and *motifs* of dark brown, outlined with gold embroidery. Mention must be made of the fact that a very interesting collection of new evening gowns and wraps has just arrived at these *salons*.

Originality in Coats

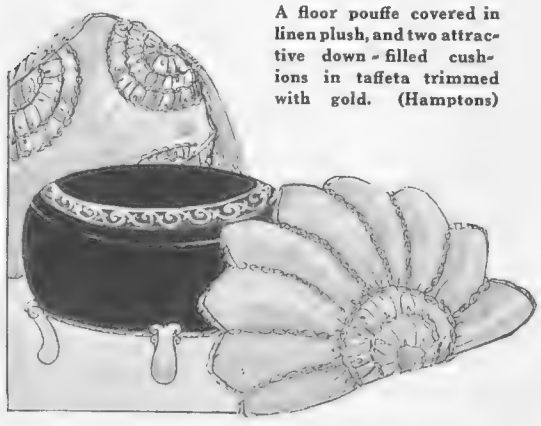
A COAT which amply demonstrates the skill of the tailor is sketched at the foot of this page. It comes from Smee, 55, South Molton Street, who has made it of black faced cloth, trimming it with nutria. The horizontal tucks and the pointed cuffs add to its air of quiet distinction. Every sort of fur is placed upon an infinite variety of cloths, and the results are admirable. For instance, one model in Lido blue satin-faced cloth was lavishly adorned with squirrel, and another most effectively exploited American opossum. Nor are tweed coats overlooked, for they may be found in many original designs. Fur-trimmed coats may be obtained from 10 guineas, while a speciality of this house is made-to-measure costumes from 6 guineas.

This earthenware lamp comes from Hamptons. The hand-painted shade has a fascinating design

promote the utmost comfort. Illustrated above is an earthenware table lamp with a striking hand-painted shade. Complete with switch and flex, it costs 28*s.* 6*d.* In the left lower corner is a floor *pouffe* on gilt feet, covered in linen plush, which costs 72*s.* 6*d.* A long-shaped bordered cushion in art silk taffeta, finished with a heavy tassel and filled with down, is 67*s.* 6*d.*, as is the most attractive fan-shaped down-filled cushion in silk taffeta, which is trimmed with gold braid.

Home Comfort

NOW that cold days and long, dark evenings have descended upon us the thought of deep, inviting chairs, and of rooms dappled with pools of soft radiance from glowing lamps, grows very alluring. All home-lovers know that at Hamptons, Pall Mall East, there may be found many things to delight the eye and to



A floor pouffe covered in linen plush, and two attractive down-filled cushions in taffeta trimmed with gold. (Hamptons)

This coat has been built by Smee, who has utilised black faced cloth and has decorated it with nutria. The horizontal tucks have a very slimming effect

Sketches by Renée

"WAITER, I AM IN A HURRY—

LEA & PERRINS SAUCE AND CURRY!

TO MAKE SURE OF THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE
SAY "LEA & PERRINS, PLEASE"

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MIDLOTHIAN OATMEAL is the most nourishing cereal grown. It contains all that is necessary for the building up of a robust and healthy constitution. Mackie's Oatcakes with fresh butter are a perfect food.

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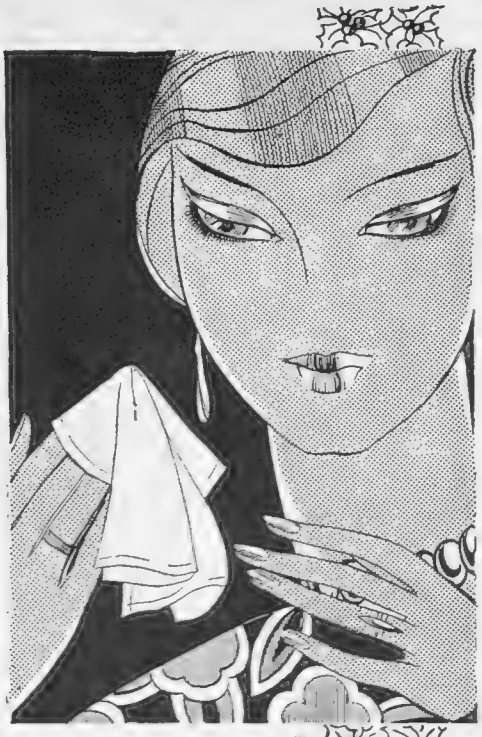
DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE.

RED WHITE & BLUE

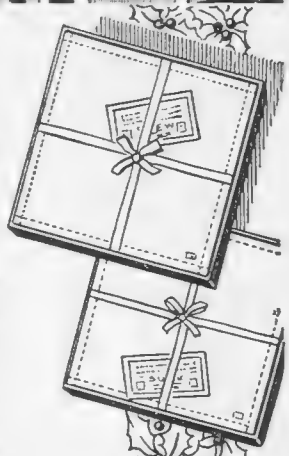
For Breakfast and After Dinner.
In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.



In half-doz. Gift Boxes for Christmas

A Christmas present your friends will be delighted to receive—six pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs in a dainty "SUNDEW" GIFT BOX. These soft, lustrous Handkerchiefs, delightful specimens of Ireland's oldest industry, are guaranteed all Irish Linen. A snow-white linen handkerchief is now an essential dress detail of the fashionable woman and the well-groomed man, and your friends will appreciate the delicate compliment to their good taste.

Ask to see the "SUNDEW" Christmas Gift Box.



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HANDKERCHIEFS
for Ladies and Gentlemen

Leading Stores now featuring "SUNDEW" Handkerchiefs:

ARMY & NAVY STORES, *Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.* BENTALLS, *Kingston.* HENRY GLAVE LTD., *Oxford Street, W.* T. J. HARRIES & CO. LTD., *Oxford Street, W.* RUSSELLS, LTD., *Leicester Square, W.* WALLIS'S, *Holborn, W.C.*

Birmingham: Warwick House, Ltd.
Edinburgh: Jenners, Ltd.
Glasgow: Pettigrew & Stephens, Ltd.
Liverpool: Bon Marche.
Manchester: Kendal, Milne & Co.
Newcastle-on-Tyne: Fenwicks, Ltd.
Belfast: Anderson & McAuley, Ltd.
Leeds: Hitchens.

The New Carreras Works

The new works of the famous tobacco firm, Carreras, Ltd., in the Hampstead Road, were recently opened by the managing director, Mr. Bernhard Baron. This factory, which is one of the largest reinforced concrete buildings under one roof in Great Britain, embodies all that is best in modern factory design and construction. One of the most important features is the air-conditioning plant, the only one of its kind in the British tobacco industry which ensures a consistently ideal atmosphere for the manufacture of perfect cigarettes, the air being washed and then adjusted to the required temperature and humidity. Of British work throughout, this factory is a landmark of note and bears eloquent testimony to the flourishing nature of Messrs. Carreras and the great personal forethought and interest of Mr. Baron.

A NEW LONDON LANDMARK

One of the massive bronze Black Cats which dominate the new Carreras factory in the Hampstead Road. They are a faithful reproduction of the ancient cat of Bubastis

In Birmingham

The General Electric Company, Ltd., are certainly to be congratulated on the wonderful efficiency and completeness of their new Magnet works, recently opened in Birmingham. Here every branch of their manufacturing business is carried out under the most modern conditions, and many demonstrations are held in these premises, which are in Landor Street. These include water heating, room heating with thermostatic control, baking ovens and many other features of interest.

IN BIRMINGHAM

A view of the electric annealing furnace in the General Electric Co. Ltd.'s new works. They are situated in Landor Street, Birmingham

To Pipe Smokers

Devotees of the pipe are not looked upon as changeable mortals, but however happily they may be wedded to a particular brand they cannot fail to appreciate an introduction to Ogden's "Fine Old Virginia." It is even possible that a trial of this excellent tobacco may lead to the divorce of the former favourite. Packed in attractive 2 oz. tins, costing 2s. each, Ogden's "Fine Old Virginia" is a cool-smoking, slow-burning tobacco of delightful flavour which is certain to make many friends among smokers who do not care to pay fancy prices for their tobacco.

In Aid of Charity

On Wednesday, December 12, the Festival Dinner of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End will be held in the Grand Hall of the Hotel Victoria. On this occasion an appeal will be made by the chairman of the Hospital for funds. The sum of £25,000 is very urgently needed for this most deserving cause (of which Her Majesty the Queen is the Patron and His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester the President) and any contribution will be more than welcome.

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When buying aspirin ask for Genasprin which quickly relieves Headaches, Rheumatism, Colds and Nerve Pains without disturbing the digestion or endangering the heart.

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EVER READY LAMPS MAKE IDEAL GIFTS

EVER READY Portable Lamps are of sturdy construction, good finish, and give long and reliable service. They are BRITISH MADE throughout.

Four popular models:

No. 2000. **SPOTLIGHT POCKET LAMP.** Covered leather, brass fittings, 5 × 2¾ × 1¾ ins. .. .. .. Complete 3/6
Refill Batteries (No. 1689) .. .. 9d.

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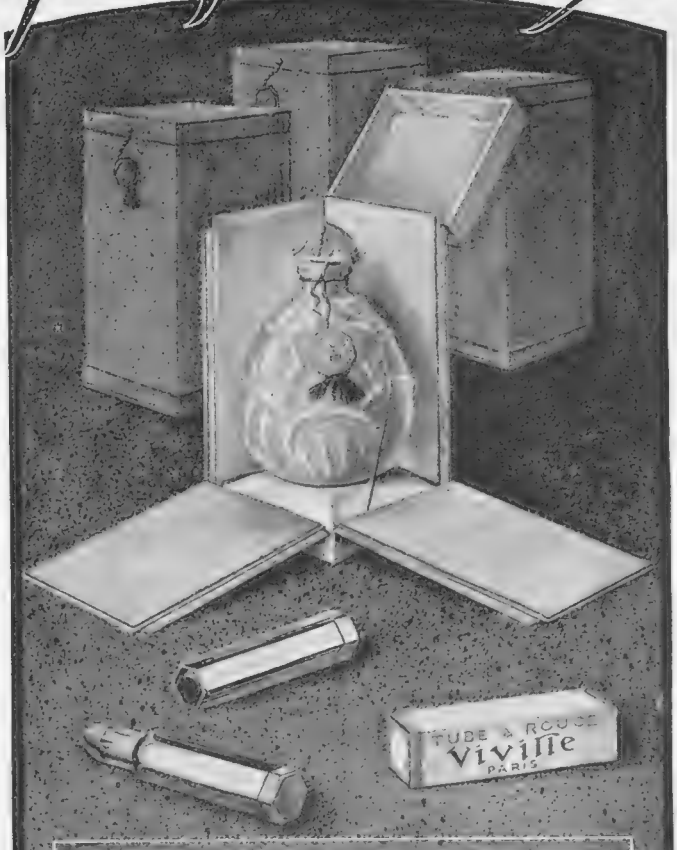
No. 2036. **CYCLE LAMP.** Height 3¾ ins. 2¼ in. reflector. Black enamel. Gives steady white light, without mess or smell.. .. .. Complete 3/6
Long-life Refill Batteries giving 10 to 12 hours' light (No. 800).. .. .. 1/-

No. 1757. **MODERN LANTERN.** Polished brass or nickel-plated. Size of body 8¼ × 3 ins. diameter. .. Complete 17/6
Refill Batteries (No. 1757) 2/-

Fully illustrated catalogue, post free from
PORTABLE ELECTRIC LIGHT Co.,
120, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.1.

EVER READY
ELECTRIC LAMPS

Perfumery



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24 Avenue de L'Opéra, PARIS

The MENU

A NOVEMBER DINNER

As I promised my readers recently, I now give an ideal dinner for November, every item being Empire-grown, it being composed by Mr. Trinchero, Chef de Cuisine at the Ladies' Army and Navy Club.

Pineapple Cocktail.
Clear Ox Tail.
Welsh Cream.
Braised Canadian Salmon.
Balmoral Sauce.
Cutlet of Dorset Lamb Jersey.
Alberta Asparagus—Devonshire Sauce.
Roast Fillet of Scotch Beef.
Lettuce and Tomato Salad.
Pears Lady Club.
Mushrooms on Toast.
Empire Fruit Basket.

Pineapple Cocktail

After peeling one pineapple take away all the woody part. Cut in very small dice and soak in good brandy and sugar. Serve in cocktail cups.

Salmon Steak

Cook a Canadian chilled salmon steak with South African white hock wine. Make the sauce with the gravy of the fish, chopped onions, mushrooms, carrots, thyme, bay leaves, chopped tomatoes, chopped parsley and a little anchovy paste, butter, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Garnish with half moons of puff paste.

Cutlet of Dorset Lamb Jersey

Take cutlets of English lamb and breadcrumb them, cook in clarified butter, garnish with vegetables from the Channel Islands, such as peas, beans, cauliflower au gratin, half-grilled tomatoes, and rissolé potatoes. A very thin tomato sauce is served separately.

Alberta Asparagus

Serve hot with a cream sauce made of Devonshire cream.

Pears Lady Club

Lay half a fresh pear over a lemon ice-cream in cup. Cover with egg custard sauce mixed with whipped cream. Decorate with Melba sauce poured over the pear.

Emilia.

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In all cases including postage.

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Most men now prefer to shave with

ECLIPSE SAFETY RAZOR BLADES

Eclipse blades are made from the highest quality of Crucible Steel it is possible to produce. This Steel is cast to a special formula to give a KEEN AND LASTING CUTTING EDGE

5 for 1/8 10 for 3/4

Obtainable from usual suppliers

JAMES NEILL & CO. (SHEFFIELD) LTD. Steel Manufacturers, SHEFFIELD.

THE way to prevent one's nose infecting oneself and others when suffering from Influenza, Colds and Nasal Catarrh is to use always the original "TOINOCO SILKY FIBRE" Handkerchiefs, and destroy immediately afterwards. Aseptic, Odourless, Soft, delightful to use.

In Sealed Cartons containing 50 for 2/-, from Chemists.

Refuse Cheap Imitations.

If any difficulty in procuring, 2/- carton will be sent Post Free by the TOINOCO HANDKERCHIEF CO., LTD., Dept. B., 55, Hatton Garden, London, E.C., who will send Free Fairy Story for Children, "Keep those little Chimneys clean."

Avoid Gout

THE incomparable virtues of the Vichy-Célestins *Natural* Mineral Water have won for it the world-wide fame in the treatment of ***gout*** and kindred disorders.

Drawn from the famous "Célestins" spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

Obtainable at all Hotels, Clubs, Chemists, Stores, etc.

The French Natural Mineral Water.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

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VICHY ETAT

The Best Brush for Dental Plates

is the one specially made for the job. Nothing else cleans your plate so well or so easily. It is worth while if only for the extra wear you get out of your toothbrush.

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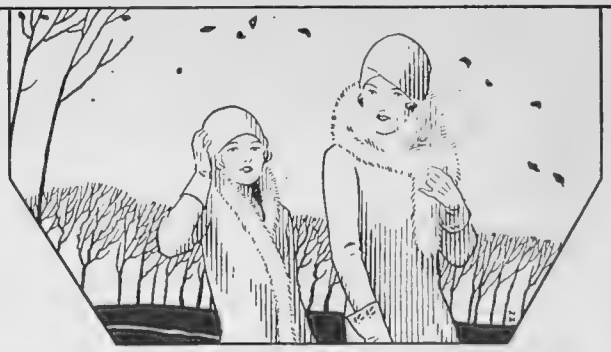

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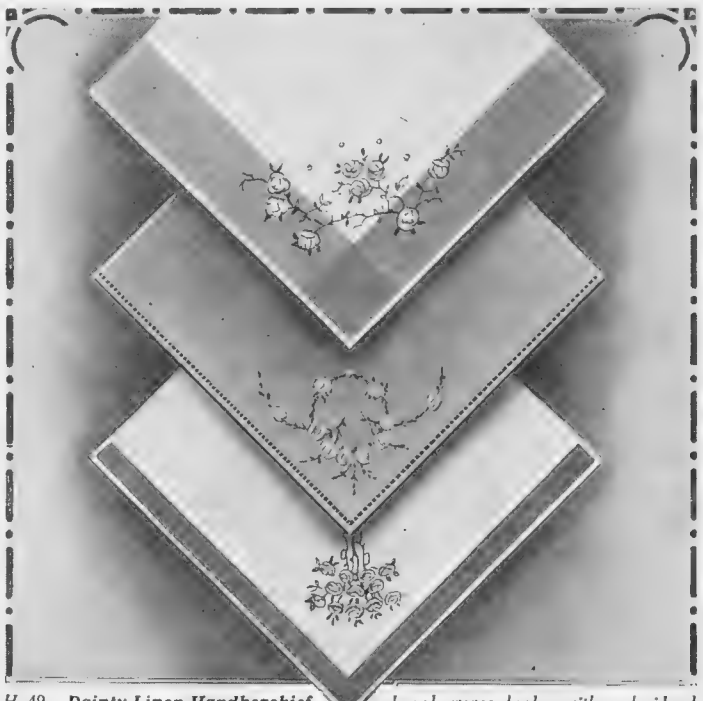

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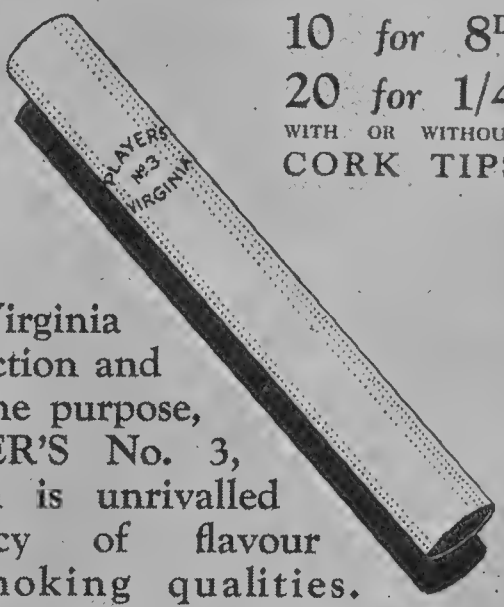

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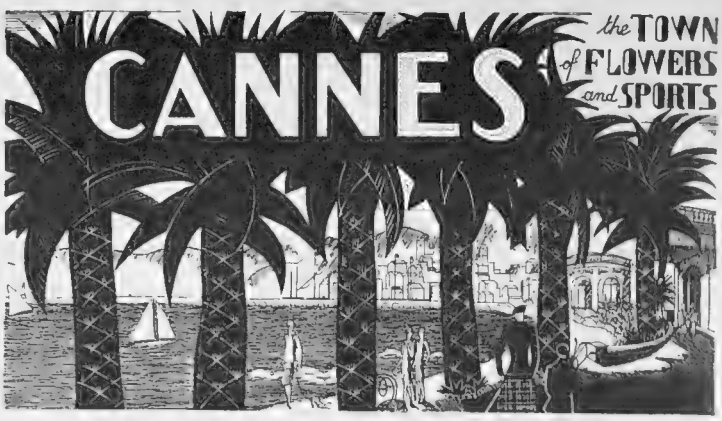

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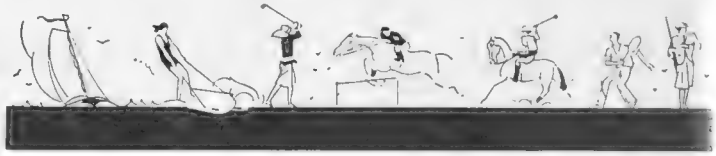

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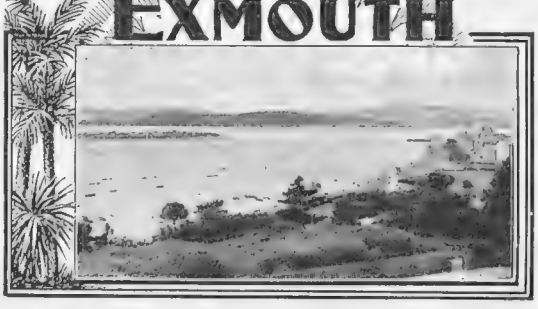

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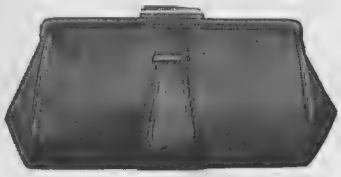

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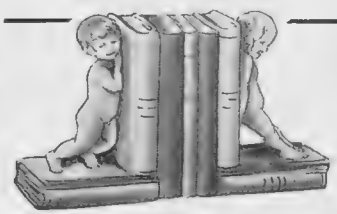

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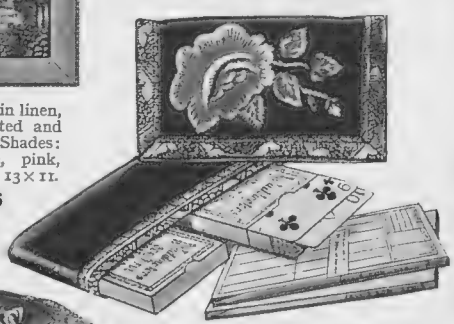

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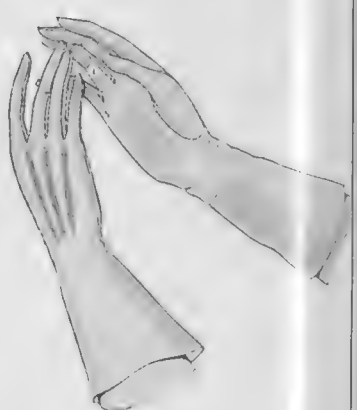

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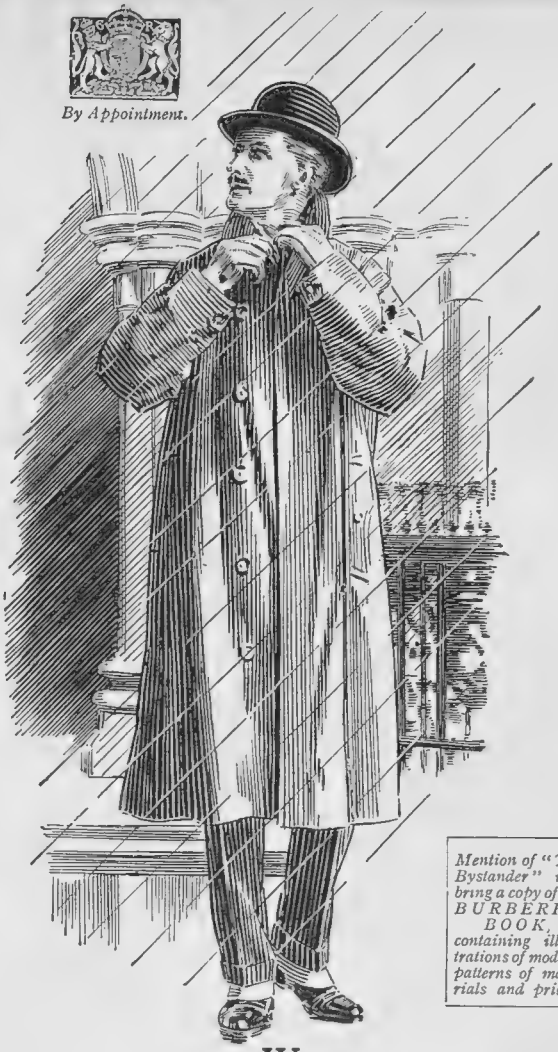

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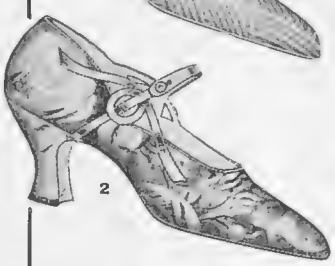

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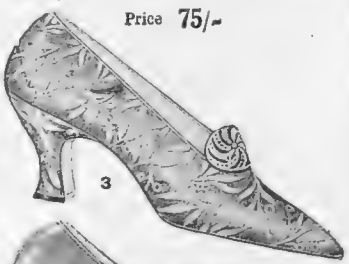

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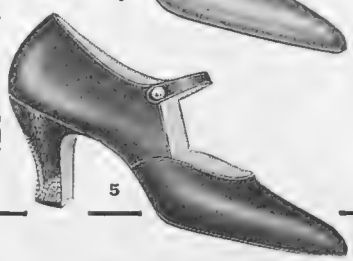

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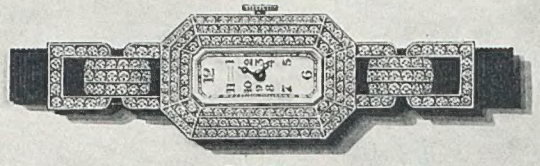

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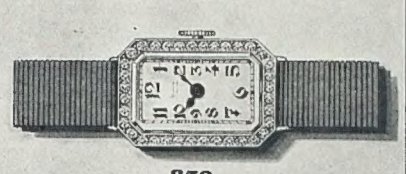

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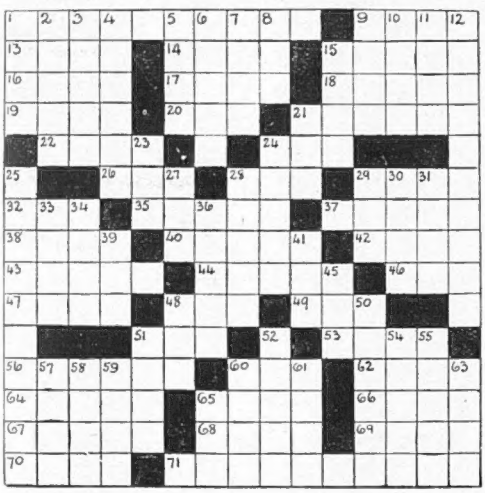

CLUES: ACROSS

1. Infectious disease, ward off by W.C.T.
9. Part of orb
13. Feminine name.
14. Porter
15. Ointment (Use Wright's Coal Tar).
16. Close.
17. Plunder
18. Possess.
19. Entrance
20. Measure
21. Fittest.
22. Cosy home.
24. From.
26. Apex.
28. Mother.
29. Wash. (Do this with Wright's Coal Tar Soap.)
32. Edge.
35. With soap creates 56 across.
37. Stop.
38. Sharp.
40. Designated.
42. Feminine name.
43. Not so cold as 33 down.
44. Attitudes.
46. Affirmative.
47. Paradise.
48. Number.
49. Modern.
51. Spoil.
53. Wiles.
56. Wright's Coal Tar Soap gives a good one.
60. Watering-place.
62. Flower.
64. Tapestry.
65. Related.
66. Departed.
67. Chairs.
68. Removed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
69. Great
70 States.
71. Corrects dislocations.

CLUES: DOWN

1. Ballad.
2. Use Wright's Coal Tar Soap and be this.
3. Precious stone.
4. Scarcest.
5. Powerful.
6. Implements.
7. An image.
8. Mesh.
9. Inner bark.
10. Otherwise.
11. Evenings.
12. Skin trouble relieved by Wright's Coal Tar Ointment.
15. On a tablet of Wright's Coal Tar Soap
21. Limb.
23. Pull.
24. Passengers
25 Used for mirrors.
27. Utensil.
28. Imp.
29. Shelter.
30. Skilfully.
31. Valley.
33. Made very cold.
34. Tube.
36. Become slenderer.
39. Noise.
41. Lair.
45. Much water here.
48. Product of Coal.
50. Provides the best soap.
51. Confusion.
52. Part of a church.
54. Fish.
55. Burn.
57. Surface.
58. Waiter.
59 Headgear.
60. Cleansed by Wright's Coal Tar Soap.
61. Emmets.
63. Prophet.
65. Fuss.

In submitting this solution I agree to all the conditions enumerated above.

Name and address should be written here in PLAIN BLOCK LETTERS .....

.....

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